Week ending December 21 1957 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Heroes who pluck lives from the sea

The money in music

HOW WE AWAKENED FRANCE FOR D-DAY
by Col. Maurice Buckmaster

MICKEY MOUSE WEEKLY CONTINUES UNDER THE NAME OF ZIP—BRIGHTER—BETTER THAN EVER!

No. 1

OUT TUESDAY, DEC. 31

On Tuesday, December 31, Mickey Mouse Weekly will be published under the new name of ZIP—and will be better and more exciting than ever! There are new and stirring adventures of Strongbow the Mighty, Robin Alone, and Billy Brave, and, in place of the Walt Disney features, ZIP presents many wonderful new characters and adventures.

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JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 DECEMBER 21, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2686

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Marguerite Murray—"just starting to be successful"

SIX years ago the Tomlinson family of Adderbury in Oxfordshire came to a unanimous decision about their future. After a lifetime in the country they packed up and went to London to see what fortune held for them there. Three weeks after arriving in Kensington Mr. Tomlinson, who was nearing his seventies, had a job as senior tutor at a private coaching establishment, and his daughter Marguerite, whose story *Treasure On Earth* begins under her pen-name of Marguerite Murray on page 7, was writing more busily than ever.

Miss Tomlinson's country upbringing and her experience as an active churchwoman set the scene for her story, which is the first she has had published in JOHN BULL. Besides singing in the choir at St. Barnabas Church, Kensington, she is a member of the parochial church council. She is also a keen amateur actress and takes leading contralto rôles in musical comedy and light opera.

After living in eighteen different places, from Yorkshire to Berkshire, in thirty-eight years, fast-talking, merry-eyed Miss Tomlinson is delighted with London life. "I love meeting Londoners," she says. "I realize now how much I loathed the country. I hated the endless round of sports and fêtes and I was always frightened of cows and horses."

Marguerite Tomlinson was set in her writing career from the age of sixteen, when she sold a love story. "Although I have been a full-time writer ever since, I believe that I am only just beginning to be successful," she says. "It has been a long time and I have had some anxious times with unpaid bills. But I have always believed that if you really need money it will come. That has been my lifelong philosophy—and that's how it has always worked out with me."

LIKE the fireman in his drawing on page 24, cartoonist Alec is often up a ladder these days. And anyone calling at the hundred-year-old stables near Reading, Berkshire, which he is converting "single-handed except for the plumbing" into a cottage, is likely to find his wife Sheila busy at her typewriter while their ten-month-old daughter has her afternoon sleep. "We bought the place nearly three years ago, mainly because its huge conservatory makes an ideal studio," says Alec, "and we've had such a riotous time knocking down inside walls and building new ones that we're collaborating on a light-hearted book about it."

He works on the conversion two or three days a week and finds that it stimulates cartoon ideas. The rest of the time he spends on serious painting—his portrait of the son of a local doctor was exhibited in London this year by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters.

"The conversion is going well," says Alec, "but we're thinking of selling up as soon as it's finished. Four years in a caravan parked in a Surrey field shortly after we were married spoiled our taste for town life, and we shall probably move to Cornwall."

Turkey time for VP wine

3 bottles for less than £1

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For less than £1

1 Bottle each
VP Rich Ruby - - - - - 6/6
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VP British Sherry - - - 8/3
Half Bottle
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If you can afford a little extra, all this is yours for under 30/-

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Half Bottle
VP Sweet White - - - - 3/6
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At Christmas time...

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THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

The most welcome gift of all!

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle
Also Magnums 40/-

£250 FREE for FITTING PHRASES

THIS week on pages 27, 28 and 29 a cash prize of £250 is offered in a unique and fascinating advertisement competition of 'Fitting Phrases.' There's no entrance fee. Just read and follow the simple instructions carefully. Then make a 'bee-line' for that £250. You can make it a fireside game by getting all the family to help.

NOTE: Last date to post entries—Monday, Jan. 6.

TURN TO PAGES 27, 28 and 29

Free Speech

- **Putting a tax on our safety**
- **Is laughter on the way out?**
- **Why milk costs more than cheese**

ACCORDING to the latest figures, accidents in the home killed 7,771 people in one year—and 4,670 of these deaths were from falls.

Yet the government charges me fifteen per cent purchase tax when I replace my defective kitchen steps; thirty per cent if I buy an electric bulb to light the dark corner on my stairs.

False eyelashes are tax free, but my brother pays ten per cent to protect his skull with a motorcycle crash helmet.

The exchequer may be short of funds, but it's time that the government stopped getting them from iniquitous taxes on safety.—MRS. O. T., Huntingdonshire.

Hidden Costs

Mrs. Mollie Peace of Wolverhampton, regrets revealing the cost of gifts in Christmas parcels sent to her American friends ("Free Speech," November 16). But if she didn't pay more than £3 10s., all she has to do is to write "under ten dollars" on the label and they go through duty free.—P. LOYNDS, Blackburn, Lancashire.

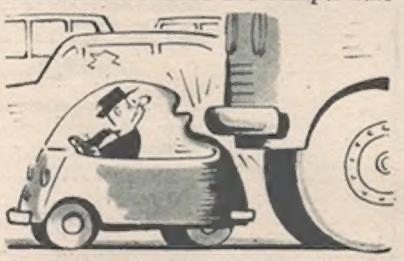
Impatient Pacers

When a woman arrives at a bus stop she usually stands very still and waits patiently. A man often waits only a couple of minutes before he starts looking at his watch and walking up and down like a tiger in a cage. It doesn't make the bus come any quicker, but it's amusing to see.—W. R. BOWIE, High Street, Brora, Sutherlandshire.

"Unlike men, women aren't usually tied to timed appointments," says a psychologist. "They're glad to get away from the housework and do a bit of quiet thinking."

Bumper Grumble

Surely it's time that manufacturers did something about the fanciful and often useless fenders and bumper bars



fitted to motor vehicles. As a police officer working in a traffic-congested area I see many accidents in which vehicles are extensively damaged simply because their bumpers are different heights from the ground.—D. J. POTTER, Ferndale Road, London, S.W.9.

"Manufacturers have been unable to agree on standard heights of bumpers because of wide variations in the heights of vehicle chassis," says the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. "But many of them now fit vertical over-riders which increase the effective depth of a bumper by six or eight inches."

Naming The Enemy

I thought that we were trying to achieve friendlier relations with Russia. But Russia was recently referred to openly as "the enemy" on B.B.C. TV. Surely an invented name should have been used—or do most viewers prefer an enemy which they can identify?—MRS. E. G., Southampton, Hampshire.

"This reference occurred in a thriller called 'Balance Of Terror,' which concerned a Russian spy," says a B.B.C. official. "It certainly isn't our general policy to refer to Russia as an enemy. I'm sure that Mrs. E. G. wouldn't say that the B.B.C. believed in ghosts if we televised a performance of 'Hamlet.'"

Non-delivery Charge

On Sunday morning, ill and helpless in Westminster, I wanted to get an urgent message to a friend. He lives only twelve miles away at Cranford, Middlesex, but he has no telephone.

When I tried to phone a telegram I was told that it wouldn't be delivered until Monday morning—no quicker than a letter. Yet I read in the directory that: "Subscribers can dictate telegrams at any hour of the day or night . . . inland telegrams tendered on Sundays are charged extra. . . ." Does the Postmaster-General think that London is full of lunatics who might want to pay extra for the fun of dictating telegrams that won't be delivered? What a service for the greatest capital in the world!—ROBERT WYETH, Dolphin Square, London, S.W.1.

"We can afford only skeleton staffs for main offices on Sundays," says a G.P.O. official. "Higher acceptance charges for the few messages received help to pay overtime costs. We tell senders if we are unable to deliver, so payment of the fee is really up to them."

Present Laughter

For a reason that isn't clear to me, hearty laughter seems to be thought vulgar nowadays. Smiles, titters, giggles, sniggers—and that curious sound suggesting the escape of water from a bath which is made by amused people with adenoids—are all permissible and popular. But a full-throated guffaw like mine, the kind that rocks the ornaments on the piano and sends the cat streaking for cover, is definitely "not done." As laughter is about the only infectious complaint which is beneficial to health, this seems to me to be a case of mass suicide.—L. L., Dublin, Eire.

Muffins Galore

J. H. of Wisbech laments the passing of the muffin ("Free Speech," November 30), but if he visits Lancashire and other parts of the north he can buy them by the dozen, freshly made each day, for about 2½d. each.—A. WHITTAKER, Baytree Avenue, Chadderton, Oldham.

. . . I can buy muffins as early as 6.30 a.m.—MRS. R. MCMILLAN, Darvel, Ayrshire, Scotland.

Water Displacement

I hope that the books on geography in the children's library featured on your cover (November 16) don't show the South Pacific Ocean between Africa and South America, as does the globe on the librarian's desk.—R. NICOL, Cray Avenue, Orpington, Kent.

"It wasn't the globe in the new children's library at Bebington, Cheshire, that was at fault," says cover artist Mays. "It was a slip of the brush. How can you expect a man to concentrate when there's a pretty librarian in the picture, too?"

Expensive Whey?

I've read that it takes one gallon of milk to make a pound of cheese, and even more for a pound of butter. But butter costs 3s. 3d. a pound—and I've just bought a pound of delicious Cheshire cheese for 1s. 8d., so why do we have to pay 6s. 4d. a gallon for milk? Surely there are extra costs involved in the manufacture of cheese and butter.—MRS. SYLVIA GRAINGER, Simmonite Road, Rotherham.

"The government guarantees 3s. 2¾d. a gallon for the 1,654¼ million gallons which farmers are expected to produce annually for the liquid milk market," says the Milk Marketing Board. "An unusually large surplus being produced at the moment is going to the butter, cheese and cream makers for an average of only 1s. 5d. a gallon."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

JOHN BULL FOR CHRISTMAS

Next week's issue will be on sale on Monday, December 23

THE COVER

YOUR attention please. The train now standing in the manager's office will be doing a circular tour for the rest of the day. So if you've anything really urgent for a couple of commuters to see, just drop it in the In tray and wait until after Christmas. But nobody's taking cover artist Morden for a ride: he knows that boys will be boys even when they're office executives. And as for that cynical secretary—well, perhaps she's just thinking about every father's famous piece as he comes home to dinner: "It's been *such* a tiring day at the office."

THE MOST

Satisfying Gift

fifty
SENIOR
SERVICE
CIGARETTES

FIFTY FOR 9/9½ ★ ONE HUNDRED FOR 19/7

By Appointment to *Her Majesty The Queen*

Wine Merchants — Geo. G. Sandeman Sons & Co. Ltd.

Wonderful thought
SANDEMAN PORT

PICADOR PORT
Light Tawny, 21/- a bottle

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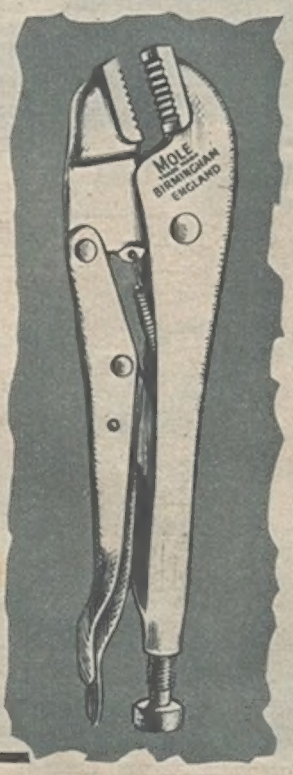
... but the modern man has a THIRD HAND

If not quite as portrayed, the Romans must have had many problems where a 'third hand' would have been very welcome indeed.

Nowadays, Handymen, Housewives, Engineers, Motorists and the like have an opportunity to use the Mole Wrench as their 'third hand.' This tool, world famous for its versatility, locks onto work and remains there, with hands off, until the release lever is touched. A hand vice, clamp, super-pliers, and so on, are but a few of its uses for the inevitable repairs and maintenance jobs in home, workshop, garage and garden. Two sizes: 7"–12/6d. and 10"–15/-.



THE **MOLE** TRADE MARK *SELF-GRIP* **WRENCH**

FROM IRONMONGERS, MOTOR AND MOTOR CYCLE ACCESSORY DEALERS

If in any difficulty write to:
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Ricory
(our favourite coffee drink)
saves money!

Nothing could be simpler—pop a teaspoonful in the cup and pour on hot water. (Add milk and sugar to taste, of course.) Nothing could be nicer—the grand satisfying flavour of fine coffee plus the zesty tang of chicory. Nothing could be easier on the "housekeeping" . . . forty-eight heartening cups of Ricory for only half-a-crown. Buy a tin, try a cup—everyone will love it!

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Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of the soluble solids from coffee and chicory, powdered with added dextrins, maltose and dextrose.

Ricory

QUICK COFFEE DRINK BY NESTLÉ's

SR 18

Treasure on Earth

Somebody had to show that the church tower could stand. The vicar braced himself for the ordeal

by ***MARGUERITE MURRAY***

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

MR. PONSONBY lay in bed, waiting for dawn to present him with the view of his church tower which had greeted his waking eyes every day—except when, as now, it was pitch dark—since he first took over the incumbency of Lower Dobbington, in Berkshire, twenty-two years ago. The sight of St. Nicholas's church tower, stalwart, battlemented, riding four-square against the sky, never failed to charm and elate him.

He had seen it in all weathers: buttercup-gold against the rapturous blue of early summer; floating, like a ghost, through fog and rain. This morning, as it emerged from among the fading stars, he saw it wore a rakish cap of snow. And by the New Year, if all went as Mr. Ponsonby expected, it would be lost behind a forest of scaffolding, from which it would emerge restored and strengthened to a condition that would satisfy even Mr. Brierley, the diocesan architect, as to its safety.

Mr. Ponsonby pushed back the bedclothes and swung his legs over the edge of the bed, moving carefully in order not to wake his wife Mary, still sound asleep beside him. He was not looking forward to his day, but that was all the more reason for getting to grips with it. He put on his dressing gown and slippers, knelt by the bed to say his prayers, and then went downstairs to the kitchen to make tea.

As he waited for the kettle to boil he looked at the large, home-made calendar on the opposite wall—a gift from the Girl Guides, depicting a zealous patrol leader assisting an incredibly

The vicar inspected one of the plates. "No need to worry," he said. "I'm sure you can sell socks to a man with no feet if you put your mind to it"

ancient village woman to pick up sticks—and saw today's date—Saturday, December 21—ringed with blue. Blue, he thought grimly, was the colour. Today was the Christmas Bazaar.

It was held in the church hall, and was actually looked forward to by a great many people as a chance of showing off their prowess in cake-making, white elephant-selling, and other worthy activities. Mr. Ponsonby did not look forward to the bazaar at all, but he regarded it as a necessary evil.

It was more than ever necessary this year, after Mr. Brierley's grim warning that, unless repairs to the tower could be in hand by, at the latest, the end of January, the church, in the interests of public safety, would have to be closed.

When the vicar had delivered this ultimatum to his parish councillors—stating baldly the sum suggested by Mr. Brierley as the probable cost of repairs—they had sat staring at him in appalled silence: a silence broken at last by Mrs. Tremlett, widow of a former churchwarden.

"We can't do it. We can't possibly do it. In a parish like this. . . ." Her voice had trembled. A tear glittered behind her rimless spectacles.

A murmur of agreement had been made articulate by Colonel Margate, the present vicar's warden. "Quite so. Impossible. Haven't got the types here to raise the money. Nothin' but farmers and farm labourers and a few folk who've known better days strugglin' to keep up places that the income tax fellers make sure are too big for 'em. Might as well shut up shop at once."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Ponsonby.

The sharpness of his voice made them all jump. The colonel's moustache bristled and the tear shot from behind Mrs. Tremlett's spectacles on to her big black handbag. Their vicar regarded them like a sheepdog confronted by a flock of unusually tiresome and silly sheep.

"Do you honestly suppose"—his kindly eyes flashed with indignation—"that the Almighty *wishes* our church to be closed, and our good churchpeople to trudge five miles over a disgracefully kept road to Upper Dobbington?"

There was a pause. One or two shifted uncomfortably in their seats. Then the colonel snapped: "Our good churchpeople! How many are they, compared with the numbers that went to church when you and I were young, Vicar?"

"Fewer," the vicar agreed. "But there is still the little leaven. And many more who use the church for baptisms and weddings—and, of course, funerals." His eye twinkled. "Funerals are always popular. I refuse to despair, Colonel. When money is needed for a proper purpose, money will come. I regard this as a challenge."

A challenge? Their faces had turned towards him: sheep who were unsure of the road.

"To our faith," said Henry Ponsonby.

SINCE then, faith had in some measure been rewarded. The Church Commissioners and the treasurer of the Diocesan Fund had both promised a little help, and in the parish Mr. Ponsonby had been surprised and touched at the response to his appeal, not merely from regular churchgoers, but from people who never went inside St. Nicholas's from one year's end to the other. Evidently their church meant more to the people of Lower Dobbington than anybody had supposed.

But they were still a good way from their target. The bazaar this afternoon would bring in another hundred pounds or so, and then every resource would have been tapped; except the one which met Mr. Ponsonby's reluctant eyes as he crossed the hall on the way upstairs with the tea tray.

He paused a moment, looking through the open door of the dining-room at the three Chippendale chairs, half of his full set of six, which stood in their appointed places, their sturdy frames outlined by the morning light.

They had been left to him soon after the war

by an aunt whose family had preserved them with pride from generation to generation. Mr. Ponsonby himself loved them dearly, even more for their beauty than their rarity. But by tonight, if all went as he half-hoped, half-dreaded it would, he would have arranged to sell them to a dealer.

It was his visit to Miss Fosdick which had led him to this sacrifice.

Miss Fosdick lived behind a forbidding belt of trees in a large house on the outskirts of the village. Her grandfather had been a pickle-manufacturer with a taste for the fine arts, and his grand-daughter had spent her whole life surrounded by beauty to which she was totally indifferent. She was a woman of poor taste, fixed habits and rigid principles, who was prepared, once she had accepted it, to perform her duty to the last ditch, but who fought tooth and nail against what she described as An Imposition.

When the cheques for the Tower Fund began to come in from the other "big houses," Mr. Ponsonby looked in vain for Miss Fosdick's.

In the end, he decided to visit her.

"She probably feels I ought to have asked her privately, instead of just giving it out in church or putting it on a notice-board," he told his wife. He did not enjoy visiting Miss Fosdick. He had difficulty in liking her, and not liking people always depressed him, since he felt the fault to lie not with the other person but in his own uncharitable spirit.

As he waited in her elegant morning-room, he ran a wistful eye over the water-colours by Sandby and Cozens, not thinking, as he usually did, how delightful they would look in his own drawing-room, but wondering what sort of price they would fetch in the saleroom. Since the Tower Fund had come into being, he had formed a disgraceful habit of pricing everything that he set eyes on.

He was still engaged in this pursuit when Miss Fosdick came in. She was a tall, thin woman, white-haired and cold-eyed, and always seemed to Mr. Ponsonby to be wearing the same clothes: a fawn-coloured blouse and brown tweed skirt sometimes augmented by a shapeless fawn cardigan.

When she heard what he had come for, her eye grew colder still.

"I make a regular contribution to church expenses, Mr. Ponsonby, and I do not expect any further calls on my purse during the year. This is a matter for the church authorities. Let them deal with it."

In vain did Mr. Ponsonby explain that the church authorities were doing all they could: that they had numerous other, equally pressing, calls on their resources. Miss Fosdick was immovable.

"It is against my principles to give more than I have undertaken to give, over a definite period, except in exceptional circumstances. It encourages extravagance and the shelving of responsibility in the proper quarters. No parish should be expected to bear the burden of heavy structural repairs unaided."

She closed her mouth like the lid of a money-box and the vicar, defeated, took his leave. As he went down the neat drive, the memory of the water-colours and the countless other unappreciated treasures provided by the pickles fretted him like a stone in a shoe. It was extraordinary that, when a person had so much, she shouldn't be more willing.

He arrived home to find Mary in the dining-room, laying the table for lunch.

"Well, darling?" But she saw by his face what had happened. "Oh, the stingy old skinflint! No, Henry, don't look shocked at me, I *will* say it if I want to. She *is* a stingy old skinflint. All those lovely things, and pots of money besides, and she won't budge an inch beyond her miserable yearly subscription. . . ."

But Mr. Ponsonby was no longer listening. At the words "lovely things," his eye had been caught and held by his Chippendale chairs. Who was he, he asked himself, in what he felt convinced was a moment of Divine enlightenment, to carp at Miss Fosdick's miserliness, when he had a jealously guarded treasure of his own? True, the chairs were his one ewe-lamb, but that was all the more reason why he, the vicar, the apostle of faith, the stalwart accepter of challenges, should be ready for sacrifice. . . .

It was unfortunate that the only time Mr. Waite (of Messrs. Lomax, Antique Dealers, in the Old Brompton Road) could come and see chairs was on the afternoon of the bazaar.

His train was due in at five thirty, and Mr. Ponsonby had arranged that Bert Lovell, who owned the village taxi, should be at the station to meet him. It would be nothing short of a miracle if Bert, in the half-mile between the station and the Vicarage, did not succeed in finding out the exact reason for the visit; but people would be bound to notice, sooner or later, that the chairs had gone, and it could only be a question of time—in Lower Dobbington—before they discovered why.

Mr. Ponsonby wanted no public acclamation for his good deed. He could only hope the news might inspire others to similar sacrifice.

By ten thirty that morning preparations for the bazaar were in full swing, and Mr. Ponsonby, in shirt-sleeves, superintending the erection of trestle-tables, or deciding where the holly and mistletoe, gathered from his own garden, would look most effective, was just reaching the stage where, in normal years, his dislike of bazaars in general and his own in particular began to be transmuted into something remarkably like enjoyment.

Without his being aware of it, the life and bustle, the colour and commotion, roused him to a state of pleasing excitement. Even the fusses were all part of a pattern, something expected, without which the day wouldn't be complete—somebody's stall in the wrong place: an over-zealous Boy Scout pinching his finger in one of the trestles, well-meaning but thoughtless supporters dashing in at the last moment with unpriced articles for young Miss Jenner's bring-and-buy stall.

But this year, just beneath the surface of his mind, like a crocodile lurking beneath the placidly moving surface of a river, lay the thought of Mr. Waite's impending visit. Sometimes he longed to get it over, as one longs to get over a visit to the dentist or—in earlier years—the exams at school. Sometimes he indulged in foolish, head-in-the-sand day-dreams of Mr. Waite's being unable to come.

As he passed the bring-and-buy stall on his way to settle an argument about the exact location of the lucky dip, he paused for a word with Miss Jenner, who would be hurt if he did not take an interest in her wares. As usual she had one or two particularly offending contributions lined up to show him.

"Look at that *dreadful* magenta lampshade from Mrs. Thomas. I ask you, Vicar. It's just like a raspberry blancmange . . . and that extraordinary piece of knitting from old Mrs. Poole. If one only knew what it was meant to *be*. . . . As for Miss Fosdick, if I had all her money, I'd be ashamed to send such rubbish."

Mr. Ponsonby looked down at the five objects designated by Miss Jenner's pretty finger, and found himself smiling. They were not rubbish. They were exactly what one would have expected Miss Fosdick to send: two solid brass candlesticks; a painted papier mâché waste-paper basket with a gold rim; a jar of the family pickles and a small brown stoneware jug. He could see her weighing each item against what her principles considered was due to the bazaar.

"No need to worry." He passed on the smile to Miss Jenner. "You'll sell them. I'm sure you can sell socks to a man with no feet if you put your mind to it. If anything is left over, the

Continued on page 30

The vicar was interrupted by Mr. Waite's voice; sharp, excited, a completely new voice. "Mrs. Ponsonby," he said. That brown jug you are holding. May I see it?"

It costs you nothing at all to play a tune in private. But if you play music for dancing, you may have to pay for the privilege

Pay up – or pipe down

by JEROME HOOD

Calling the tune once meant just a penny for the piper. Now the man who writes it wants his share, too

TOWARDS closing time in a tough East End pub a few weeks ago, a ruddy-faced, thirty-three year old Londoner named Vidgen was watching a rowdy group round the piano. As "last orders" were called, he made a note on a sheet of paper, took a card out of his wallet and leaned over the bar towards the publican.

"I am an inspector of the Performing Right Society," he announced above the hubbub, "and have heard the following pieces of copyright music performed on your premises."

Vidgen did not have time to finish reciting from his list. Before he was half-way through, the publican and a barman were on his side of the bar, and he found himself being propelled swiftly through the door. Vidgen, wearing his oldest clothes in the expectation of a rough-house, offered no resistance—but hung on to his notes.

"Without on-the-spot notes," he says, "the society could not sue, and I was determined not to lose them. I took the notes into the office next morning and a copy went to the publican with a final warning that unless he came to terms immediately he would be prosecuted for infringement of copyright. He paid up."

As a roving inspector for the Performing Right Society, Peter George Vidgen is used to making swift and unceremonious exits from public places. His job is to see that those who perform music in public pay for it. Many object.

The Performing Right Society, Ltd., a non-profit making organization which represents all British and most foreign composers, lyric writers and music publishers, exists to draw fees for copyright music performed in public.

It does this by licensing every place where music is publicly performed, at a scale of fees ranging from a guinea a year for a small café with a single radio, to nearly £900,000 a year for the B.B.C. It also lays down that the licensee must make a regular monthly return showing what music has been played, apart from that transmitted by wireless or television.

The information from these returns, after being punched on cards, is fed into electronic computing machines which work out the exact proportion of the general licence fund due to each composer.

Although large purveyors of music, such as dance halls, theatres and cinemas, can be readily identified and licensed, several hundred less easily spotted sources of revenue are annually turned up by the roving inspectors.

Vidgen, as chief London inspector, has brought on to the society's books such widely varying establishments as church halls, beauty parlours, cafés, laundrettes, sports stadiums, department stores, fairgrounds and factories.

Although, since a test case involving Gillette Industries in 1943, all factories relaying *Music While You Work* are legally bound to pay a performing fee (factory revenue produced £30,000 last year), many try to evade payment.

Last spring, after a local agent had reported a new factory in his area, Vidgen paid a call. He was unable to get beyond the uncommunicative doorman.

"I had to return when the workers were

leaving," he recalls, "and after a group of them had confirmed that a wireless relay had taken place, I reported to the office."

Despite many letters from the society, however, the factory owner refused to negotiate, and Vidgen had to prepare a case against him by securing direct personal evidence of the exact time and duration of a specific performance of a copyright work.

"Since I couldn't get inside, I had to wait for a warm day in summer when the factory windows were opened. I got my evidence all right—and the factory owner got his final warning. It worked."

Getting evidence from a residential seaside hotel once provided a similar exercise in ingenuity. After another inspector had been refused admission to the hotel, Vidgen went there himself—as a weekend guest.

"It was New Year's Eve, and as soon as I walked in I realized that it was going to be awkward. The hotel was full of couples and I was conspicuous as the only single man there. When we sat down to dinner, the situation deteriorated further. The proprietress, a middle-aged widow, took a fancy to me and insisted on my sitting beside her at the top table."

Vidgen, who had come supplied with the society's regulation one-inch long pencil for taking discreet notes, found himself in a painful quandary. While a three-piece band played one copyright tune after another, he had to plough steadily through the meal.

"The lady didn't take her eyes off me for a moment. And when dinner was over she wanted to dance."

It was only in the interval between dances that Vidgen was able, by deft use of the overhanging tablecloth, to jot down titles and times. But the worst test came at 2 a.m. when the party finished.

"When I told the proprietress who I was she was speechless with rage, and I slunk off to my room as quickly as I could. I hadn't the nerve to put out my shoes for cleaning, and I didn't wait for breakfast. But that hotel is on our list now."

Music users on the lowest fee-scale, Vidgen finds, prove most troublesome. "Many can't accept that they should have to pay just for switching on the radio or allowing a piano to be played on their premises. I have to explain that they're getting a commercial benefit from our members' work, and that composers have to live, too. The days are gone when a composer was supposed to rot in a garret while millions enjoyed his work."

Those days went finally in 1914, when the society was founded. Until then composers lived mainly on the sales of their sheet music or by selling work outright to a publisher. When a composer "dried up" he frequently lived in poverty while his earlier music was still being played all over the world.

Although the Copyright Act of 1911 gave the composer the right to charge a fee every time his work was publicly performed (a right confirmed by the Act of 1956), the task of collecting thousands of small fees for individual performances seemed impossible. Then the Performing Right Society worked out its licensing system—and persuaded large music users such as Moss Empires, the big London hotels and civic bodies to co-operate.

For years the society was engaged in so much litigation against people who objected to paying fees that there was little money to distribute to composers. In the first ten years the total sum distributed was £130,000—compared with over £2 million distributed in 1956 alone.

One composer preferred direct action to litigation. Having tea in an "unlicensed" restaurant one day, he heard a piece of his own light music being played. When the bill arrived, he politely declined it, offering instead his own card. "I've enjoyed your tea," he said, "and can only hope that you enjoyed my music. Let's call the account square." He got up from his seat and left without paying.

Light music provides the bulk of the society's revenue. Although a "pop" hit that gets into the Top Twenty may make a large sum for its composer within a short period, standard light musical works such as "Teddy Bears' Picnic" or "In A Persian Market" earn more over the years.

Some light music is so long-lived that licensees often fail to recognize that it is still in copyright (copyright lasts for fifty years after the composer's death) and have to be reminded to list performances.

Composers who benefit most from the society, Vidgen thinks, are those who write serious music. "They can't count on large sales of gramophone records or sheet music and have to rely on performing fees for the main part of their income." Sir William Walton is one such composer; he is reputed to draw seventy-five per cent of his income from the society.

Writers of film music are in a similar position. "The usual fee for a score is between £200 and £400—not much for several months' work. But if the film is widely shown the composer, who draws a royalty for each separate performance, will make a great deal more than his original fee."

WHILE cinemas and such large music users as radio and television services supply completely accurate returns of music transmitted (every piece lasting longer than seven seconds is listed and counts in a composer's "points"), such accuracy is not expected from pubs, cafés and other small users. But the returns received cover such a huge cross-section of the community that a fair proportion can be computed for each composer.

Fees for cafés, particularly coffee bars, often have to be re-assessed when varying use is made of music. "If a coffee bar starts a skiffle group," Vidgen says, "then obviously the music has a greater commercial value than that provided by a wireless set."

Since skiffle music is usually derived from traditional tunes, it earns less for the composer than an original composition. His royalties are calculated in proportion to the amount of original work he has put in.

"There are few complaints about the society's ruling in this matter," Vidgen says, "but in case of dispute fees are held in suspense until agreement has been reached."

Vidgen, a member of two choral societies and a life-long music lover, has an excellent ear himself and is able to identify several thousand tunes after hearing only a few bars. "I try to familiarize myself with everything that comes out. At home, the radio is on all the time in case there's a piece I've missed."

Because his territory is so vast and includes such a miscellaneous variety of music users, Vidgen does not work to set times. "I try to 'listen-in' to a fresh district every fortnight, switching from an area that will keep me out late, such as the West End, to a quiet suburb. In the suburbs, however, I've often got to work at weekends."

It was during one weekend this summer that he visited Hampstead Heath fair and approached a showman who owed fees for two years on three machines. "He had done such poor business in last year's rainy summer that I hadn't pressed for payment. That day, however, his roundabouts were doing so well that he paid up on the spot."

The showman counted out twenty-four guineas—in shillings and sixpences. "There were bits of toffee apple and candy floss sticking to the coins, and I felt as if I'd been passing the hat round," Vidgen recalls. "It wasn't till I went clinking home with the takings that it struck me that wasn't such a bad way to feel about the job. You could say it sums up the society's activities." THE END

Peter Vidgen, chief London inspector of the Performing Right Society, watches his wife compute composers' dues by machine

Relaying *Music While You Work* broadcasts in factories means cash for composers. Last year they received £30,000 from industry

Peter had to know the truth about the deadly power from outer space—the power that had turned London into a . . .

STOLEN CITY

by Max Gunther

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

PETER KENNEY blinked his eyes at the blurred white expanse of his morning newspaper as the train rattled out of the tunnel. It had happened again. It happened every morning. As the train emerged from darkness into the morning light, there was a sudden sense of inner upheaval. It was like one of those mild attacks of indigestion in which your stomach flip-flops, your heart palpitates, and you are left wondering whether anything really happened at all.

Peter looked at the man opposite. He was a large, red-faced man in a dark grey suit and a dark blue tie. A company executive, perhaps, or a stockbroker. He was frowning at his newspaper, pinching the bridge of his nose, as a man will sometimes do when he is tired and trying to think. As Peter watched, he squeezed his eyes tightly shut and rubbed them with thumb and forefinger. This seemed to solve his problem, whatever it was. He opened his eyes, blinked, shook his paper, then settled down with apparent comfort to read.

Then he looked at Peter. And Peter realized that he was staring at the man. Peter had been a newspaper reporter too long to be unduly embarrassed in situations such as this. He decided that, with eyes thus met, he might as well take advantage of the contact.

He said: "Sorry I was staring. I—well, I was wondering about something."

He grinned what his wife called his boyish-innocence grin. It failed, however, to impress the stockbroker. He grunted, nodded and made moves to return to his paper.

"I was wondering," said Peter, "whether you noticed anything funny as we came out of the tunnel."

"Funny?" said the stockbroker. "What do you mean?"

"I mean a sort of—inner sensation," said Peter.

The stockbroker frowned. "Didn't notice a thing," he said curtly.

Peter was not yet ready to give up. He said: "I've been getting this sensation every morning as we come out of the tunnel. It's not much—something like an attack of indigestion. I've been wondering whether other people feel it."

The stockbroker, interested now, looked at Peter. "Indigestion, eh? Every morning?"

"For about two weeks."

The stockbroker cleared his throat loudly and let his paper fall on to his lap.

"Funny you should mention that," he said. He leaned over towards Peter, looking around to make sure that none of the other passengers was listening. "Matter of fact," he said, "I have been noticing a queer sensation in the mornings. Just as you say, it happens when we're coming out of the tunnel. Thought it was my heart, to tell you the truth. You think it's something everybody feels?"

Peter shrugged. "I don't know. But I've looked around the last couple of mornings right after the tunnel. For a couple of seconds everybody blinks and frowns. You watch tomorrow morning."

"Odd," observed the stockbroker, thoughtfully.

Now the train was pulling into the city. Peter watched the small, grime-covered buildings speed by, and then the clean lines of the new office blocks near the river. They shone like rough gold in the morning sun.

The stockbroker was folding his newspaper to carrying size. He was moving his hands slowly, obviously deep in thought.

"Think there's any explanation?" he asked finally.

"Probably," Peter answered. "But whether we'll ever find it is another question."

A good question, though, he thought as he walked out of the station and headed for his office. A good question, and one worth a little probing.

Peter Kenney worked for a weekly magazine; he had been there for five years, but he was still a newspaperman at heart. And so was the assistant managing editor, a short, thick, white-haired man named Tom Garvey. Together, Tom Garvey and Peter had several times enjoyed the huge triumph of scooping the dailies. It seemed to Peter now, as he walked into Garvey's office, that another chance might be at hand.

"Tom, there may be a little story in the making," he said. "One of those curiosity pieces."

"No room this week," said Garvey. "We've got curiosity enough. See the papers this morning?"

"Yes."

"See about the insect house at the zoo being burned down?"

"No. I didn't get much past the front page."

"Well, not only did the insect house burn down"—Tom waved a sheaf of copy in the air—"the keeper turns up missing."

Peter knew from long experience that it was impossible to edge Tom Garvey off the track of an idea. For a while he resignedly discussed the case of the missing insect house keeper, finally agreeing to assign one of his best feature men to the story. Then he brought the conversation back to his experience on the train.

To his surprise, Tom Garvey sat up and took notice. "This happens every morning?" he asked.

"Every morning for the past couple of weeks."

Garvey stared at Peter. "Well, I'll be blowed," he said. "The same thing happens to me. I thought it was my ulcer."

Peter leaned forward. "How do you travel?"

"By bus. Over Waterloo Bridge."

"When do you get the sensation?"

"About halfway across the bridge. Every morning for the past two weeks I've been getting it. It's like a mild, unlocalized electric shock."

Peter walked to the open door of Garvey's office. Out in the corridor was Stanley Parker, one of the feature writers.

"Spare us a minute, Stanley," Peter said.

Parker was a tall, bony man with thick-rimmed glasses and a nervous habit of chewing his lower lip. He walked into the office, said good morning to Garvey and sat in a chair by the desk.

Peter sat on the edge of the desk. "Stanley, you come in by tube, don't you?"

"That's right."

"Have you noticed anything unusual the past couple of weeks?"

"What kind of thing?" Parker frowned behind his glasses.

"An inner sensation, sort of like a mild electric shock?"

Parker's eyes widened. He looked at Garvey, then at Peter. "Has anybody else?" he asked.

Peter nodded.

Parker relaxed visibly. "I thought it was just me. I thought I was going round the bend. I thought——"

"Can you describe this sensation?" Tom Garvey asked.

PARKER stuck a cigarette in his mouth and lit it before answering Garvey's question. "Well," he said at last, "you know how it looks when you take a pencil and stick it in a glass of water? It looks bent, because air and water are of different densities and light is refracted. At a spot about three stations out, I feel the way that pencil looks. It's as though I'm passing from one medium into another."

"Pretty good," said Peter admiringly.

"Does everybody feel it?"

"I feel it," said Peter, "and I come in by train. Tom, here, feels it, and he comes over Waterloo Bridge."

Stanley Parker chewed his lip. "Do you suppose it's the same however you come in?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," said Peter. "I'm wondering if the whole city is surrounded by this—whatever it is that causes the sensation. In fact"—Peter turned to Tom Garvey—"if it's all right with you, Tom, I'll go after this story myself."

Garvey shrugged. "Go ahead. But don't forget the zoo story."

Peter assigned it, then and there, to Stanley Parker. Then he spent an hour roaming around the magazine offices, talking to people who came into the city by train, bus, car, tube and bicycle.

With only a few exceptions, everybody admitted to some kind of unusual sensation on drawing near the centre of the city. The sensation seemed to be the same for all, though it was apparently more intense in some than

Continued on page 33

Suddenly Peter was not on the bridge any more. He was standing on a white desert under a vivid sky in which two suns shone

Part-time heroes pluck lives from the sea

by ROBERT HOLLES

When ships flounder in distress Gerard Dutton speeds the rescue, and sends his mercy sailors heading for trouble

Holidaymakers at Sennen Cove watch a lifeboat go to sea. In some Cornish villages crews must be recruited carefully because of family feuds

Dutton teaches a member of a lifeboat crew to use a gun firing a breeches buoy. He supervises rescue work along eight hundred miles of coast

At three o'clock in the afternoon of November 27, 1954, the chief inspector of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution telephoned Gerard Dutton and told him: "Start Operation Complex."

Eight hours earlier the St. David's lifeboat had been launched in the teeth of a full gale and fierce rain squalls to help the big Liberian tanker World Concord, which was in serious difficulties fifteen miles NNW of the South Bishop lighthouse off the Pembrokeshire coast, and unable to launch her boats.

By noon, the lifeboat reached the stricken vessel, which had broken in two, and took thirty-five survivors from the stern end. An hour later an Irish lifeboat put to sea from Rosslare to search for the fore end of the tanker, which was being blown rapidly northwards.

The instruction to Dutton, western district inspector of lifeboats, placed him in emergency control of the combined rescue operations. From his house in a Bristol suburb, with no equipment other than a telephone, a small marine radio receiver, a chart, and his own experience of coastal waters in the area, Dutton began grimly to co-ordinate his forces. His only contact with the Rosslare boat at sea was through Tenby coastguard station. At three twenty-five Dutton asked for the Fishguard lifeboat to join the hunt, only to find that the crew had just returned from another operation with their radio out of action.

At seven o'clock that evening he received the message that the Rosslare lifeboat had located the drifting fore end, and was standing by. But the members of the tanker crew who remained aboard refused to be taken off until their bisected craft had been taken in tow.

Towards morning, with the lifeboat running out of fuel and her crew rapidly nearing exhaustion, Dutton ordered the Holyhead and Porthdinlleyn lifeboats to stand by for immediate launching, but at 7.35 a.m. the seven remaining survivors of the World Concord decided to abandon ship and were taken aboard the Rosslare boat. Says Dutton: "It was the longest night of my life."

A big man, easy-natured, and bluff as a seawall, Dutton is one of five district inspectors employed by the R.N.L.I. to cover its 151 lifeboat stations along the coastline of the British Isles, including the whole of Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The inspectors, most of whom are ex-officers of the navy or merchant marine, are responsible for the serviceability of the lifeboats and their equipment, and the efficiency of their crews.

Dutton's district includes thirty-five lifeboat stations ranged along the south-west coast of England and Wales from Christchurch Bay to Caernarvon Bar. His charges include five types of lifeboat from the twenty-nine ton, fifty-two foot Barnett class which costs £38,500 and is powered with twin-screw diesel engines which can drive it through rough water at nine knots, to the eight and a half ton, thirty-five foot Liverpool type, costing £17,000, which has a speed of seven and a half knots—the largest type of lifeboat which can be launched off an open beach.

Dutton goes to sea in each boat twice yearly on inspection, and attends local committee meetings as the R.N.L.I.'s official representative. He advises on all questions relating to lifeboats and their crews, and supervises recruiting and the selection of coxswains and engineers. "In some of the Cornish fishing villages where lifeboats are stationed," he says, "there will be two families which divide the inhabitants into opposing factions. Members of both families will never sit in the same boat, and the crews must be recruited from one side or the other."

One Cornish coxswain—"a cantankerous old chap, but a magnificent seaman"—made persistent complaints to Dutton about a new Scots engineer. "The only reason for his criticisms that I could discover," says Dutton, "was that the engineer was a 'foreigner'. When the conversation took a dangerous turn I began to ask after the coxswain's son, of whom I knew he was very proud. The skies immediately cleared."

He seldom finds it difficult to raise the seven or eight men needed to man a lifeboat. Once he discovered that a boat had returned from a service call with two extra crew members aboard. "They were reserves who had turned up, put on spare life jackets, and taken their places in the boat. The coxswain hadn't wanted to discourage them by turning them off. I had to direct him to lock up his spare life jackets in the future."

Dutton does not go out on service with the

In a violent storm the tanker World Concord was split in two, and the halves drifted seven miles apart. From his home (below) Dutton marshalled lifeboats to rescue the stranded men

lifeboats, although he is entitled to do so if he is on hand when a call is received. "It might be taken to indicate a lack of confidence in the crews," he says. Occasionally, while out on a routine inspection trip, he will be called upon to go to the aid of other vessels needing assistance.

During an exercise with the Torbay lifeboat recently, Dutton was returning to harbour when he spotted a Trinity House pilot's launch drifting out of control. "The pilot told us his engine had broken down. We took him aboard the lifeboat and gave him a lift to the liner Breconshire which he was due to board; afterwards we towed his launch back to Brixham."

Arriving at a station for an inspection, Dutton examines the lifeboat and its equipment, making sure that the bilges are dry, the rigging well-oiled, the navigation lights and fire-fighting equipment in working order, and the side-relieving valves, which release any water which has been shipped, are free. Having made sure that the vessel is ready to go on service at a moment's notice, he assembles the crew and orders the lifeboat to be launched. At sea, he puts the crew through a series of up to fourteen drills which include replacing a broken rudder, making sail and reefing, rescuing a man who has fallen overboard, anchoring, signalling and radio telephony.

Ashore, he is responsible for the maintenance of all R.N.L.I. property including the accommodation for the mechanic, the only full-time paid member of the crew, and boathouses which are not built over water. His inspection tours take him away from home for long spells.

New lifeboats are treated to an official naming ceremony, organized by the district inspector concerned. In making these arrangements, Dutton has to work under conditions of strict economy. "I have borrowed lorries and army boxing rings for rostrums," he says, "and made platforms from beer barrels and fish boxes." He finds it essential to pay strict attention to minor details. "The ladies who perform the christening ceremonies often drop the cord attached to the champagne bottle into the water." On a recent occasion at Fowey, Dutton provided two cords for the wife of the High Commissioner for South Africa.

When she pulled one of them the bottle fell from its frame, but merely bounced into the boat. It was recovered and slipped quickly back into the frame. She pulled the second cord successfully.

Another naming ceremony was to be performed by the Duchess of Kent, president of the R.N.L.I. It was a day of heavy rain and Dutton had erected a canopy over the rostrum. "A few minutes before she was due to arrive, I noticed that a pool of water had formed in a fold of the canvas and a steady trickle was falling on to her chair. I propped the canvas up with a piece of board and made sure that if the water had to fall on someone, it would fall on someone else."

DUTTON investigates all rescues which take place in his district where awards for gallantry are considered, and conducts inquiries into any lifeboat disasters.

He is never off duty. Last year, while he was on holiday at Falmouth, the nearby Lizard lifeboat went to the aid of three men drifting on a raft who had been signalling to the shore. They proved to be members of a North Atlantic expedition who had crossed from Canada. One member of the crew was taken off in order to arrange for a tug to tow the raft in, but no suitable craft was available. Dutton was sought out and consulted. "If we had allowed the raft to drift inshore it might have been washed up on the rocks," he says. "I recommended that the Lizard and Falmouth lifeboats should go out together and tow it in. They did so, and brought it back to Falmouth to a rousing reception."

Born at Stone in Staffordshire in 1913, Dutton first went to sea at the age of seventeen as a cadet in the merchant service, and passed out as a second mate in 1935. After qualifying for his mate's ticket in 1937, he spent the war years in the Royal Navy, most of them as a lieutenant-commander in charge of a minesweeper. After demobilization he joined the lifeboat service and was posted to the Irish district. "I found that my first job was to get rid of the quarterdeck manner I had picked up in the navy," he says.

Soon after taking over the job, he took a lifeboat to sea with the institution's chief inspector aboard. "I had carefully rehearsed the crew so that nothing should go wrong." When the boat reached the open sea the chief inspector asked to see the propeller. This involved removing the "scuttle"—a piece of quick-release equipment which allows access to the propeller in case it should become fouled. "When the crew tried to lift out the scuttle it wouldn't budge," says Dutton, "and they took twenty minutes getting it out. It wasn't the most successful of beginnings."

He had an equally uncomfortable experience more recently, while taking out a twenty-five year old self-righting reserve lifeboat from Pwllheli for a routine engine check. Two miles off-shore the motors spluttered and died out. Nothing the mechanic could do would re-start them. The crew rowed back to Pwllheli with four oars. "It was very hard going," says Dutton. "Outside the harbour we met a strong ebb-tide and could make no headway at all."

Later he was hailed by the skipper of a fishing-boat, who offered him a tow to the quayside. "I was very glad to accept," he says. "But I haven't yet lived it down." THE END

TREASON ROCK

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Silently, viciously, Colonel Mawzi's thugs had killed the man whom Arianna loved. Now, out of her grief, came a daring plan for revenge

Exhausted by the struggle, Marion collapsed—and shook with fear as Mawzi came close. Then, suddenly, the black nightmare was filled with light

EYES on the dark hillside, Colonel Mawzi leaned on the stone window-sill of his prison room in Fort Sebastian. At last the light he was waiting for sparkled in the blackness. Walter Mietus was on Mora. Soon Mawzi's torch was flickering out a reply. . . .

Mawzi was a grim, efficient soldier. The British had exiled him to the Atlantic island of Mora, together with Hadid Chebir, leader of the Cyrenian independence movement, and Marion, Chebir's English wife, and Abou, a servant. But now Mietus would strike with the men he had brought from Cyrenia and they would be free.

Mawzi reported to Chebir. Then, for a moment, he halted by Marion's door. He knew that he was not the only man disturbed by her beauty. Major John Richmond—who had been at Oxford with Chebir, and now commanded the Mora garrison—had betrayed his feelings.

Outside the fort, too, passion was running high. On the neighbouring island of San Borodon, Daphne Burrows—the governor's daughter and wife of Teddy Burrows, the captain of the destroyer Dunoon—had made her decision. She had told Neil Grayson, her father's aide, that she would leave her husband for him. And here on Mora, Corporal March, one of Richmond's men, had slipped out to meet Arianna, a village girl. . . .

They decided to marry. Later that night, smiling with happiness, March was on his way back to the fort. He skirted a rock that crossed the cliff path, and found himself facing three men, three strangers. In a moment they were round him, crowding him. . . .

PART THREE

Murder In The Moonlight

THEY stood full in the light of the moon. The man facing March wore a dark leather jerkin and canvas trousers. His eyes, which had been on March's surprised face, moved, drawn by the bone-white corporal's stripes on the soldier's arm, and the square face, serious until now, broke with a little smile.

March didn't look at the others. They were there. He could half-see, half-feel their bulk close to him. He didn't like it.

"Evenin' chums, nice night for a walk." He spoke his own language and forced good humour into it. Who the hell were these blokes? He'd never seen any of them before. "A lovely night, but I'm in a hurry to get back to barracks or I'll lose my stripes." He gave a little laugh and made a move forward.

Walter Mietus put up his hand and March stopped at once. He knew a knife when he saw one and he knew what a knife could do.

"Here, what's the bloody malarky?" He let his anger go freely to ease the fear in him.

"A moment," said Mietus in English and his voice sounded apologetic. Then, his eyes still on March, he spoke to the other two, ignoring the soldier, the half-raised knife holding him in the path. He spoke in German.

"He is from the fort. He would talk."

"If he doesn't return, that will talk, too," said Roper from March's right, answering in the same tongue.

"But not so loud or so clearly," said Sifal, who stood with his back to the sea and the cliff drop not ten yards away.

"Sifal is right," said Mietus. "You do it, Roper, when I move."

March had had enough. Who the hell did they think they were and what was this Dutch talk?

"Put that bloody knife away and let me pass. Who the hell . . . ?"

He said no more. Incredibly swiftly, Mietus's right foot came forward and thudded into March's groin. He screamed chokingly and began to fall. As he did so, Roper stepped in, swung one arm round his neck and, with the flat of his free hand, struck the back of March's head violently. There was a noise like the crack of a sappy branch breaking. Roper took his arm away from round March's neck and let him drop to the path.

Richmond put his hand to Hadid's face and raised an eyelid. So his guess had been right. The man was drugged

Mietus said: "Search him, Sifal. Take what a thief would take."

Sifal dropped to the ground and went through March's pockets and his haversack. When he had finished, Mietus and Roper picked up the body and carried it to the cliff edge. Holding it by the wrists and ankles, they swung it three times between them for momentum and then let it go out into the darkness of the cliff shadow.

IN Fort Sebastian the first person to learn exactly what had happened to Corporal March was Colonel Mawzi. Walter Mietus signalled to him at two o'clock the next night and gave him the news. The information which Colonel Mawzi passed back to Walter Mietus was equally interesting. Abou, from a chat with the cook, had learned that Corporal March possessed a key to the small gate in the main door.

Colonel Mawzi flashed this news to Mietus. The key had been with others which Sifal had removed from March's pockets. The question of an entry to Fort Sebastian had been one of the most difficult for Walter Mietus to handle. Now it looked as though it would be the simplest.

The next morning, as they took a stroll on the parapet after breakfast, Colonel Mawzi told Hadid Chebir and Marion. It was the first mention he had made to Marion that Mietus and his men were on the island.

They leaned over the parapet, looking down towards the small beach where they bathed. Marion said: "So, Mietus is here?"

"Naturally. Without his help we cannot escape. It was all arranged long ago." Mawzi fitted a cigarette into his bone holder, lit it and filled his lungs with smoke. He sent the smoke from him in a long sigh of pleasure.

Marion could see that he was happy. Not relaxed, for she had never known him to be that. But happy.

"Mietus," she said, "is a monster. Was there any need to kill this poor soldier?"

"There was every need," said Hadid sharply. "Would you have had him come back and report that he had seen three strange men? Don't be a fool." He spoke sharply, not looking at her.

"When this escape comes," she said, "will there be more deaths?"

"Why do you ask?" Mawzi looked across at her sharply and then let his head travel farther to check the position of the parapet guard, to be sure they could not be overheard.

"Because I know Mietus. A plan can be a good one—I do not ask you for details of the plan, because I know you won't tell me yet, or perhaps ever, fully—but, with any plan, Mietus will embroider it with violence. Unnecessarily. You know that."

"You are a fool," said Hadid quietly.

Marion's lips tightened with anger. "And you? Would it be hard to find the right names for you?"

Hadid would have moved towards her, but Mawzi's hand fell on his elbow. He was smiling. He said: "There is no need for names. What Marion says is right. It would be wrong to think that there is any virtue in killing a man without cause. The death of this soldier is unfortunate, but it was necessary."

"And when we escape?"

"It is not planned that there should be much killing. See, I do not lie to you. Only, to make wine it is necessary to tread the grapes."

"Let it be soon then, and see that Mietus understands."

She spoke stiffly, with an intense authority which roused Hadid to anger, but before he could do more than stir, tugging at the restraining hold of Mawzi's hand, the other had spoken.

"You speak like this with a purpose?"

"You know I do. I have said I am sick of

violence. Now I say more. I am sick of Cyrenia and both of you. There is an end to everything, and since I have been here I have understood this. When we are back in Cyrenia, I shall leave. You will need me no more."

She was trembling a little, touched with an amazement at what she was saying for, until she had begun to speak, she had not known she was going to say this.

She saw Hadid biting his lower lip with anger. "If you do anything against us, you will not live," he said sharply.

Marion laughed contemptuously. "There would be a way to cut my throat? Maybe, but it would be Mawzi's hand that held the knife, not yours. It takes courage to kill a woman."

Mawzi slid forward between the two. "What you ask for is just. You have done much for us. There is a little more to be done. I know you will do it. When we are back in Cyrenia, you shall be free and we shall be generous. I give my word that when you are in Cyrenia again, you shall be free."

He turned away from her and began to walk slowly along the parapet. In every truth, he was thinking, there is a deceit; and with her, as never before with anybody else, he was able to feel some unhappiness at the deceit. Only one freedom waited for her in Cyrenia. There must be a new budding and a new blossoming. And he it was who would awaken her.

John Richmond, coming on to the parapet from the stone steps of the courtyard, saw the three of them. Mawzi was at the far end of the parapet close to the Flag Tower, smoking and looking out to sea. Hadid Chebir was halfway along the parapet, sitting in one of the embrasures. Marion Chebir was just beyond the Bell Tower, looking down to the small beach.

He could see the slight hunch of her shoulders where she leaned on the wall, and the long line of her back. But he could look at her this morning calmly. Thank the Lord for that.

Hearing his footsteps, Marion swung round and said: "Good morning, Major."

"Good morning." He stopped.

"We're all here," she said lightly. "Three lost souls, marooned in the middle of the Atlantic. What a wonderful morning! Do you know what I'd like to do?"

"What would you like to do?"

"I'd like to put on a pair of stout shoes and go for a walk. Up there, perhaps." Her head moved towards the far slopes of La Caldera.

"It's pretty rough going."

"Oh, don't be so dull. I don't care what it's like. Anyway, I can't go, can I?"

"I'm afraid not." He smiled.

She looked at him steadily, her head tilting a little.

"What are you thinking of now?" he asked.

She couldn't tell him, but it had suddenly occurred to her that when they escaped—and she had implicit faith in Mawzi, knowing it must happen—then he would be in trouble. He'd take all the blame. She didn't know much about the army, but it would probably affect his career. . . . Poor Major Richmond, the man who let Hadid Chebir slip through his fingers to make the British a laughing stock for the world. Sympathy for him flooded through her. . . .

"Is it so serious?" he asked lightly.

She shook her head, chasing away her thoughts. "I was wondering . . . I was trying to picture you in a War Office bowler and a dark suit."

"Actually, it's a homburg and pin-striped trousers."

"Do you carry a cane or an umbrella? Somehow I can't imagine you out of uniform."

"A malacca cane with a silver handle. It belonged to my father."

"It would," she said. But there was no malice in her voice. "And you belong to the right clubs, of course?"

"The Bath and the Carlton." He lifted his eyebrows humorously.

"And you always use the same restaurants, and the head waiters have known you for years, so that you get just the table you want?"

"Yes. Do you want their names?"

"No. But I still can't see you out of uniform. You're like Mawzi. You're a soldier. And Lord help me, I'm tired of soldiers."

She turned away from him, and the turning and the tone of her last sentence was like a blow in the face. He stood there, surprised, and suddenly angry; but, before he could do or say anything, she as quickly turned back to him and said gently: "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have spoken like that. And anyway, I wasn't thinking of you. I was just being sorry for myself."

Momentarily he wanted to put out his hand and touch her arm, to show her that now he didn't mind. Instead, he said: "I only wish I could let you put on your walking shoes. Or, better still, your best hat and take you out to lunch in London. . . ."

He saw how the words had touched her more surely than any movement of his hand could, and her eyes were full on him for a moment. Then she turned away and he heard her say, almost inaudibly: "Thank you. . . ."

And then, beyond her, drawing his attention away down the steep slope to the beach, he saw the movement of men. A small fishing boat had run hard up the grey sand. Three men hauled it higher and then leaned over the side, lifting something out clumsily between them.

Even from this distance, as they rolled it to the sand, he knew it was a body. For a moment he stood there, seeing one of the men look up towards the fort and the two others haul out a square of canvas from under the stern thwarts of the boat.

Without a word he turned and hurried down to the courtyard. . . .

ARIANNA was sitting under the pines in the spot where she and March had last made love. The morning sun between the pines was hot. Yesterday she had heard of March's death. Yesterday and all night her grief had hardened in her until now it was a kind of calmness.

She would never see him again; she would never go to England. As though with a knife, a great part of her life had been cruelly carved away from her.

She sat there with her elbows on her knees, staring through the pine trunks towards the cliff edge and the distant sea, whose movements broke the sunlight in rough ridges and scars. There was the sound of feet over the thick pine needles and her brother Torlo passed her and sat down a few yards from her, his back against a pine. He rolled himself a cigarette and lighted it.

"It is time," he said, "that we should speak, for I know what is in thy mind."

Arianna's eyes watched the flare of his match. She said: "There is much in my mind. There was always hatred between thee. If his death came from thy hand, I will kill thee."

"I did not kill him. This I swear. I would have killed him if he had made thee unhappy. But it was this I waited to know."

"He made me happy. I would have gone back to England with him as his wife. This he promised the night he left me. If his death was not from thy hand, it was from another."

"This I have thought of, too. The Englishmen believe that he fell from the cliff while drunk. This I do not believe."

"Nor do I. How can a man in bright moonlight slip over a cliff? And when he left me he had not drunk. He was sure on his feet and knew the path. It is not believable." Arianna looked at Torlo. "You are my brother. For my unhappiness you would kill. It is now that I am unhappy."

"Then I will kill. But there is much that I do not understand. I have talked to the fishermen from Mora who found him. I have found the place on the cliff where he fell, and have found his haversack fifty feet down. At the top the path is three yards from the cliff edge and there is no sign of slipping. But on the path there are many signs of other men."

"What men are these?"

"I do not know. It is to be discovered. But on La Caldera three days ago I found the

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THE DAY CHRIST WAS BORN

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, The National Gallery, London

This is the story, vividly reconstructed by Robert Holles, of the most fascinating event in all history . . . illustrated by a superb full colour reproduction of "The Adoration of the Magi" by Jan Brueghel

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

With the aid of a map, Brenda Bagshaw is shown over the open fields by Reginald Rose and the Rev. Cecil Fogerty

All who farm Laxton's open fields must attend the manor court. If they cannot they pay twopence. Bailiff Elmer Rose (standing) collects the fines in advance

Bob's worth of justice at the Dovecote Inn

by DON EVERITT

In Britain's feudal outpost farmers toil like Anglo-Saxons and are tried in a pub-room court. All the fines go on beer

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN'S court of the manor of Laxton met in the village public house at 11.30 a.m., opening time. Five minutes earlier Elmer Rose, the court bailiff, mounted the narrow spiral stairs in the nearby parish church tower and tolled a bell, summoning the villagers to attend. In the saloon bar of the Dovecote Inn, the publican filled the glasses, the men their pipes.

Elmer Rose called out "Oyez, oyez, oyez," and ordered all those who owed suit and service to the lord of the manor, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, to draw near on pain of a fine of twopence. The court was going into session as it has done without a break for a thousand years.

Laxton's manor court is no pageant. It maintains law and order over a system of farming once commonplace in Britain, but now unique. The farmers in this straggling village on the edge of Sherwood Forest, in north Nottinghamshire, cultivate strips of land in three vast open fields and strictly rotate their crops just as their forebears have done since Anglo-Saxon times. The Queen herself delegates to the lord of the manor the privilege to call the court, which has the power to try and to punish offences involving the open fields.

As bailiff, Elmer Rose, a cheerful, agile little man of sixty-eight, acts as go-between for the steward of the manor and the tenant farmers. He had chosen the jury of twelve, "all under sixty-five and no women," now being sworn in around the saloon bar table at the Dovecote.

Rose put a pudding basin on the table and the steward, a solicitor from nearby Newark, read out the suit roll, the names of the fifty-six freeholders and farm tenants bound to appear at the court or pay the twopenny fine. For each absentee, Rose dropped in the basin the coins which he had collected several days earlier.

Now the court proceeded to hear the offences committed and to endorse the fines imposed on the farmers by the past year's jury. This money, which Rose had also collected, went into the pudding basin, too. When the court ended its session, the steward tipped the proceeds of the fines on to the table and divided them. He kept half for himself and gave the other half to the bailiff and jury. They spent it on beer.

"The bigger the fines the more beer we get," says Rose. "But a jury never has the pleasure of spending the money from the fines it imposes. Its term of office ends on the day before the court receives the fines. The fellows who made our laws hundreds of years ago realized that jurors might otherwise have been tempted to push the fines up a bit."

Nobody quite knows why Anglo-Saxon open-field farming has survived at Laxton and nowhere else in Britain. Most farms became separate entities under the Enclosure Acts and Awards of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but Laxton seems to have missed the metamorphosis, partly because of its isolation and partly because the lords of the manor could not afford the expense of enclosure, with its new fences, roads and farmhouses.

Now, the open fields at Laxton will never change. In 1952, the sixth Earl Manvers, then lord of the manor, partially met the fifth earl's death duties by conveying to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries the estate and the manor. "It was understood," says Elmer Rose, "that the Ministry bought the property to preserve the only surviving, working example of the open fields."

Twenty-five tenant farmers, including Rose's two sons, today cultivate the 534 acres in the open fields. West Field contains 156 acres, South Field 169 and Mill Field 209. Each man's holding is divided into roughly equal parts between

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Land is pegged into strips as in the Middle Ages. Farmers obey an ancient plan in which fields are cropped differently year by year

Woman in the camp

by ***EDWARD LINDALL***

She seemed determined to snare a tiger. And Joe was equally determined that she wouldn't snare a man as well

As he came down out of the trees above his Oxlip River camp, Joe Larkin had a feeling that something was wrong. Maybe it was because he could hear Old Moss singing, his bass voice booming through the clear mountain air, and the words of his songs clean instead of bawdy as they should have been with him just back from packing in a month's provisions from Oxlip. Maybe it was just an intuition that something had to happen. The weather was too crisply perfect, even for a spring afternoon in that untroubled north-west wilderness of the island of Tasmania.

He knew for sure something was wrong once he was out of the trees. There was a strange horse in the horse-lines. And there was a third tent, with Old Moss popping in and out like a bird dog, flooring it with brush and saplings and singing as he worked.

It was this behaviour that convinced Joe there was a woman in the camp; some dubious and ancient friend the old trapper had picked up in Oxlip? Joe shuddered at the thought.

And then he saw the girl, walking into the camp from the river, with two buckets on a shoulder yoke, a slender figure in jeans and a brightly coloured shirt. She was clearly no lady friend of grizzled old Mossop Pike's; and that made everything much worse.

"Blast!" Joe said. He was a zealous young geologist, and girls were lethal in his philosophy. He had seen too many good field men finish up at office desks through getting tied up with a girl. For his part, he would take the trees and the sky. He loved the great outdoors.

In the three months they had worked together in the Oxlip River country, Mossop Pike had heard all Joe's views on women, as they affected field geologists. This bringing a girl into camp was rank treachery.

Joe went on into camp.

"Well, if it ain't the ol' Rock King himself," Moss yelled. "News for you, boy. We've got a guest."

Joe ignored the grin. "How nice," he said coldly. "You can take her back to Oxlip in the morning."

The girl came up at that moment and from the way she looked, straight and cool, Joe knew she had heard. He didn't care. She had to learn sometime that she wasn't wanted.

Her eyes were dark brown and her hair was short and black, with a tendency to curl. She was tall, but not too tall, and the woollen check shirt she wore flowed in soft contours before tucking into the waistband of the jeans.

"I'm Lindsay Randall," she said quietly. "It is good of you to have me here."

There was a small silence. Moss stroked his black beard. "Lindsay's a zoo . . . zoo . . . somethin' or other," he said, his tongue stumbling over the mysterious word.

"Zoologist," she said.

"So what?" Joe said.

"I've come to catch a tiger."

"Why?"

"Why? Because *thylacinus cynocephalus*, the Tasmanian tiger, or marsupial wolf, is unique among the mammals."

"Go on," Joe said.

"He is not truly a tiger, the name deriving from the camouflage stripes across his back," Lindsay recited patiently. "He is the largest of the flesh-eating marsupials, growing to about forty or fifty pounds——"

"You don't say," Moss exclaimed.

"She does say," Joe assured him flatly. "Like a textbook. But she doesn't say why she wants one."

"I want to send one home," Lindsay said.

"A sort of live tourist postcard?"

Lindsay Randall pursed her lips. "No," she said evenly. "I've come from the Australian mainland, studying marsupials. If I could send a tiger home, I'd be helping science." She paused. "You know, of course, how everybody likes to help the cause of science."

"Of course," Joe said smoothly. "But you're going to break your heart. The tigers are extinct. You ought to know that if you're a zoologist."

"They were *thought* to be extinct," Lindsay said, "until three weeks ago. Then one was seen in this area by a helicopter pilot and a geologist." She looked at him thoughtfully, like a surgeon about to carve. "The geologist was called Joe Larkin. A crazy freelance, they told me in Hobart. Mad about the great outdoors."

Joe didn't answer. He couldn't, being too busy cursing the enthusiasm that had fired him that day three weeks ago when his hired survey helicopter had hovered over that mangy combination of dog, wolf and kangaroo, with the powerful tail and the eighteen or so big tiger stripes across its back.

"Seeing as you spotted the beast, I knew you'd want Lindsay to work from our camp," Old Moss cut in, seizing his chance and lying as blandly as a diplomat. "She's got a permit and she was in Oxlip looking for a guide, so I told 'er to look no farther than Mossop Pike, sixty years in the territory and never lost his way yet. . . ."

Joe broke in coldly: "If Miss Randall will excuse me, I'll take a bath."

"Mr. Larkin," she said, and gave a mocking little bow.

Moss cackled. "I've fixed a place back in the bush. Fireplace and all! We've got to be civilized now, son. . . ."

The bath place was fifty yards back in the bush. Moss

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Joe swung round in his tracks and stared. She had a fire on and sausages were sizzling in a pan. "Am I invited?" he said

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

THE OFFICE OF SECRET WAR · 5

We awaken France for D-Day

by Colonel Maurice Buckmaster

June 5, 1944....Three hundred strange messages droned over the Channel from the B.B.C. It was time for the final blow

In the middle of 1943 we received a top secret message that D-Day might be closer than we thought. Although the world had to wait another year for the liberation, it was from the receipt of this message that a change in our objectives can be dated. From the middle of 1943 we specialized much more in the planting of arms and the training of a secret army.

We of the French section of Special Operations Executive attempted to serve two masters, the Ministry of Economic Warfare, to whom we were technically responsible, and S.H.A.E.F., with whom we were strategically linked. The pace increased, and this speed-up was partly responsible for the flurry of arrests which in some areas caused us dislocation.

Several arrests were made in Paris in June and July, 1943. Prosper, one of our bravest and most resilient officers, was caught.

His real name was Francis Suttill. A barrister before the war, he was a tireless organizer in Paris from the middle of 1942. Denise Borel, a French girl, went with him as his courier, with the responsibility of ensuring that he did not speak too much French at first. Though he was fluent, our experts told us that his accent might be suspect.

His cover story accounted for this by saying that he had been educated abroad.

Francis and his helpers organized some excellent *réseaux*—resistance units—and soon were planning large-scale sabotage which included the destruction of a large stock of German aero fuel.

Paris was, of course, far and away the most dangerous place in which to work: it was swarming with Germans, and with security police of every description.

When we changed from economic warfare to planning for D-Day, we decided to bring Francis to England for his new briefing. A Lysander was sent, and he was at my headquarters in London within a few hours.

We had many conferences with Allied high-ups and then, a fortnight later, Francis returned to France. I cannot but think that during his absence vigilance in Paris was relaxed in spite of the careful measures of Archimbaud, his wireless operator, and Denise. It soon became evident that enemy agents or time-servers had permeated the *réseau*.

We had already formed a shadow organization in Paris, totally separate and beyond the knowledge of Francis. We now started another beyond that, so that we had three set-ups acting quite without knowledge of each other.

Francis began to send messages hinting that he was worried about the recruits in some of the sub-sections. He was obviously under a grave strain.

Of all the men we sent to France I think I admired and respected him the most, and his death came as a cruel blow to me. Yet, thinking as I did that D-Day was imminent, I cannot now feel that I was wrong to leave him in Paris.

The infiltration of the *réseau* was probably the work of the notorious Corporal Heinrich Bleicher, whose conceit it was to style himself Colonel Henri. He was a German business man before the war whose talents particularly suited him for counter-espionage. He became attached to the Abwehr, and busied himself with rooting out the Resistance in Paris.

His men were able to catch Francis largely because the pressure of work forced Francis into the open. After one parachute drop he was spotted at the St.-Lazare station in Paris and arrested.

The arrests did not stop with the king-fish. Man after man was picked up. Denise Borel was captured, so was Archimbaud. All were put to death. Bleicher was triumphant. "We have wiped out the Buckmaster organization," he boasted. He fondly imagined that Francis—Prosper—was the head of the whole Resistance, but like the hydra it grew new heads.

Bleicher's methods were insidious. He subverted tough and loyal men by pretending he was anti-Nazi and hated the thought of handing them to the Gestapo; he broke them down with a sly and malevolent kindness.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Cammaerts, known as Roger. The Germans were out to get him—at whatever the cost

Violette Szabo, G.C., and her husband. Captured, she died at Ravensbruck. Even her murderers admired her

Naturally, I tried to plug the holes and extirpate the rotten sections of the Paris *réseau*. The web of suspicion was a broad one and we did bring some people back to England for questioning. No satisfactory picture of the situation was ever completed and we decided to probe no farther. But meanwhile Antoine, a magnificent officer, and one of our women agents, Norah (known as Madeleine), were captured and finally shot.

Norah was taken to Gestapo headquarters in the Avenue Foch and succeeded, together with two men imprisoned there, in escaping through a skylight and on to the roof.

At the critical moment, the air raid siren went. The Germans went to battle stations, one of which was on the roof.

The three escapers made their way on to a neighbouring building, at desperate risk, on the sharply gabled roof in pitch darkness. The Germans were patrolling the roof of the headquarters, but the escapers forced a window in the next building and climbed through. All they had to do was to get out of the flat into which they had broken, down the stairs and into the darkness.

Suddenly a light was switched on and a series of screams pierced the air. An old woman was asleep and had woken up to find the intruders in

Christine saw Roger with a thug on either side of him. The Gestapo colonel came to the door. "I am here," she said, "on behalf of the Maquis"

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

her bedroom. She screamed and screamed. The Gestapo were alerted and the three escapers were recaptured. The Germans ensured that they never got another chance.

Norah behaved throughout with the greatest bravery and went to her death with that serene defiance which typified the gallant women of S.O.E.—women who, like Violette Szabo, dared everything in the defence of their beliefs.

Violette was first employed by us after one of our men named Staunton and his French colleague, Maloubier, had made Rouen too hot to hold them. She was sent to check on the position there.

Staunton and Maloubier recruited a first-rate crew of resisters and confined themselves, at first, to drilling them into a force in readiness for D-Day. Then the Germans anchored a number of submarines in the very centre of Rouen, on the River Seine.

Staunton noticed that the guard on the submarines was somewhat slack, and decided to attack. The two men carried a case of explosive to a house nearby and waited for nightfall.

The guard was not on the ships, but patrolled the lower quay. The saboteurs waited till he had passed the submarine they had their eye on, then Maloubier went aboard. Staunton, his revolver ready, watched the sentry.

Maloubier left the explosive in the engine-room, lit the fuse and came back through the hatch. The sentry had done one complete turn, and Staunton whistled to give Maloubier the all-clear. The two men strolled away. Five minutes later the submarine was flung into the air.

The Germans went mad. They rounded up every suspect they could lay their hands on and tortured many.

Staunton and Maloubier had already left Rouen by the time the arrests reached their height. The Germans were ruthless and persistent. By threatening to shoot whole families they extracted information. They had a picture of Staunton and Maloubier drawn by an artist from descriptions given them. Both were good likenesses—far too good for the men to return to Rouen.

In London we decided to send Violette Szabo to spy out the land. She did an excellent job. She went round all the contact addresses which Staunton and Maloubier had given us. But there was not one safe house left in Rouen.

Regretfully, we decided to give up all idea of restoring the Rouen *réseau* to its earlier strength. Violette was ordered to join Staunton in the Dordogne district, where there would be plenty to do after D-Day.

In this district was stationed a German crack unit—the Hermann Goering Division. That division would have to be harried, depleted and, if possible, wiped out. It would be a great test of S.O.E.'s efficiency.

At this stage, immediately prior to D-Day, the dangers grew. Our men had to come out into the open to brief their forces and even now there were double-agents and Frenchmen who thought that their own ends could best be served by betraying their friends.

In the Jura and the Ain *départements* was Xavier—Lieutenant-Colonel Heslop, D.S.O.—who had an army of 5,500 men fully equipped with small arms, but of course deficient in anything bigger than a Piat or bazooka. His men were to contain and, if possible, destroy a German armoured division stationed in the South of France and which we thought might start to move north, after D-Day, along the Route Hannibal in the Hautes-Alpes.

Already, early in 1944, Xavier's men were in virtually undisputed control of an area the size of an English county; even then several brigades of German troops were needed to contain them. Denis Rake, one of our agents who had a rather unfortunate time with Xavier earlier, had also returned to France and commanded a tough group of Maquisards in the Massif Central.

When Xavier radioed to us for more arms we sent him a fully loaded transport plane with a vast stock of supplies.

Meanwhile sabotage reached new heights. The Germans were driven to fury by its persistence and effectiveness.

Railway lines were the easiest targets and many damaged sectors were never repaired. The Germans grew tired of having their repair teams ambushed, and their equipment added to the wreckage.

With the help of more planes now willingly provided by S.H.A.E.F. our build-up for D-Day went ahead. We had preserved the independence of each *réseau* and still nobody was sure who commanded his flanking units.

In London the volume of urgent work, and the increasing flood of messages which had to be sent to units in the field, kept us at full stretch.

Sometimes the urgency of a message was alarming. Once I received a warning that the Germans had moved many troops to a factory which our men were due to attack that very evening. The report read: GERMAN TROOPS GESTAPO REINFORCING CAMBRAI ALSO SOME TANKS.

It reached me at seven ten from a group who did not know that another group, in their own district, would attack a plant in Cambrai upon

receipt of the following B.B.C. message: *Pierre embrasse Yvette.* This vital sentence was due to be broadcast at seven thirty—and if it weren't stopped our men might walk to their deaths.

I tried to get through to our liaison officer's room. He had already left for the studio. I tried to get through there. I could not be put through.

I rushed from my office and into Baker Street. Luckily, a F.A.N.Y. driver was waiting. "Bush House!" I yelled. "As fast as you can go."

I leaped out of the car at seven twenty-five and ran upstairs.

Luckily I knew where the broadcasts were made. I was able to run along the passage and into the studio just as the announcer was starting the *messages personnels.* As I entered the studio and scampered across the floor to him, I heard him say in his measured quiet way: "*Pierre embrasse Yvette.*"

I grabbed him by the shoulder and shook my head fiercely. "No," I mouthed, "no." There was a seemingly endless pause. Then, to my immense relief, he got the point. In his firm, unruffled voice he said: "*J'annule*—I deny or retract—*Pierre embrasse Yvette. Je repète: J'annule Pierre embrasse Yvette.*"

I sank into an armchair and thanked God. If I had been a minute later it would have been certain that our men would already have switched off their set, for they would not listen to the B.B.C. a moment longer than was necessary, for fear of detection.

We waited nervously for the next "sked"—scheduled transmission—from that particular section. It came the next day. The message had been understood and the operation called off.

In almost every *département* of France our men waited for the great day. There were 306 wirelesses tuned to London each evening.

We hit upon a small plan to divert the Germans' attention from Normandy. We told our men to put the word about to their unreliable friends that any reference to soup referred to the Pas-de-Calais.

The Germans, of course, listened in dutifully every night to the *messages personnels* without having any idea of their exact significance. But now they thought they were on to something.

Sure enough, we broadcast endless sentences of the order of "*Monsieur Gerard aime le potage,*" "*Caroline demande du bouillon*" and so forth. The Germans moved a division to the Pas-de-Calais. . . .

WE had in fact spread rumours—which we called "sibs"—since 1942. A man now prominent in literature and broadcasting had an office in our building where he sat all day inventing rumours designed for circulation in France, and in particular among the German occupying forces.

Just before D-Day we spread the message that animals' blood was to be used for transfusions in German military hospitals. We also put it out that two train-loads of German ammunition had had to be returned to Germany because the ammunition was the wrong size. It was also suggested that ammunition was desperately short in France because the High Command did not really intend to resist the British and American forces. The important thing was to surrender before the Russians arrived. . . .

These rumours were heard at garden parties in neutral countries, where the Swiss chargé d'affaires would hear them from a British consular official and pass them on, quite innocently, to the Germans. The reports would get back to Germany through the letters written by the German embassy officials to their families and their relatives in the forces. The word would go round in a thousand different ways.

The stage was set for the final battles. We awaited only the word, and on the afternoon of June 5, 1944, the word was given.

That evening 306 messages were sent out by the B.B.C. To men huddled in mountain huts, to men in *bistros* in crowded towns who hid behind drawn blinds and locked shutters from the patrols which scoured the streets, to men everywhere in

France from the Landes, in the Haute Savoie, to the heart of Paris and the forests of the Ardennes, every message carried deadly meaning.

"*Vilma vous dit oui*" meant: "Destroy all German rolling stock on the railway line Angoulême-Bordeaux." "*Madame dit non*" meant: "Bring down all telegraph wires between Caen and Alençon and Caen and Evreux."

All over France similar tasks were started. Arms were brought down from lofts and dug up from beneath cellar flagstones. Uniforms were brought out and buttons polished. France was ready.

There were two main objectives for our men: the Hermann Goering Division and the Panzers on the Côte d'Azur. We watched their every move.

On D-Day the Maquisards were in position. Soon after the landings the *réseau* of one of our men named Hilaire got notice from a scouting party that the Hermann Goering Division was preparing to move north to the battlefront.

Meanwhile industrial sabotage reached new heights. And on the Route Hannibal, Xavier and Roger, another of our men, waited for the German armour to begin its journey. On the day after D-Day they heard that it had packed up and was preparing to start the journey. An army of 5,500 men waited for it in the defiles of the Hautes-Alpes, the Jura and the Haute Savoie.

We gave the O.K. for previously reconnoitred demolitions all over France. On D-Day plus two the bridge at l'Hôpital-sur-Rhins, over the Rhône, was destroyed. The Germans couldn't use the road for more than two weeks.

Railway workers kept our section heads accurately informed about train movements. Often the engine drivers themselves were tipped off about the time and place of demolitions.

In the south many places were liberated long before Allied troops arrived. Xavier raised the Allied flags in Jura villages. The area north of the Loire, however, was less easily controlled.

The Hermann Goering Division entered Hilaire's district. At once roads were blown up, trees felled and shots ripped into marching columns.

The advantage of guerrilla warfare in France is that the movements of a road-bound enemy are easily plotted.

By now all security had been abandoned in those areas engaged in fighting. Hilaire and our agent named Aristide were in close contact. The Hermann Goering Division had to stand and fight.

It lumbered angrily through the endless flat country of the Gironde, harried and stunned by the constant pressure of attacks. Each village concealed its ambush and the crack troops heading for Normandy were exhausted before they were half-way there.

Now Hilaire's organizing genius was obvious. Each village knew where it could arm itself and had qualified leaders to direct it. The Hermann Goering Division ground to a halt.

It was during the delaying action against this division that Violette Szabo was caught. She and Anastasie, a leader in the Dordogne, were on a briefing mission when they ran into a German ambush. As they left their car and scrambled through a hedge, Violette twisted her ankle. Anastasie tried to carry her, but she cried: "Get out—run for it! I'll hold out."

He hesitated. He knew what the rules said in such situations: it was an agent's responsibility to save himself rather than sacrifice his life. So he ran towards some woods. Violette fired at the Germans and held them off until Anastasie got clear. Then she was captured.

At Ravensbruck concentration camp she was murdered by the Germans, but even her murderers could not restrain their admiration for her. The British Government recognized it, too, by the posthumous award to her of the George Cross.

Meanwhile, in the Hautes-Alpes, Roger and his men blew up sections of the Route Hannibal. The German Panzers were pinned by landslides, and their transport columns decimated by Maquisards. Whole platoons blundered about the deserted uplands and were mopped up by bands of relentless and tough Maquisards.

Now we decided to drop more arms for, farther to the north, Xavier told us that his men were running short of ammunition.

A train carrying rations to the stranded Panzers was derailed by a saboteur named Martial Chaperon in a railway tunnel in the Poligny district. His best coup was achieved later, however, when he and his men engineered a double derailing. Two bauxite trains were totally wrecked. Both tumbled over a bridge and entirely blocked the main line.

At St. Jean-de-Losne the lock gates were blown to pieces after local Maquisards had mopped up the German guards. Meanwhile, on the other side of France, a Ruffec dentist, Gaston Denivelle, brought the number of his railway demolitions to 243 separate actions—a record, I believe.

In the Massif Central, the district in which Denis Rake and Nancy Wake were operating, things were not going so well. Many of the German garrison troops were at this stage elderly men and puny boys. But when Rake went into action he encountered forces of quite a different standard — tough Mongol warriors the Germans had captured in Russia and recruited. These Mongols were ruthless and courageous fighters.

Denis Rake, during this protracted battle, showed all the qualities which I had always believed he possessed. He was resourceful and calm, and carried out his job with conspicuous acumen and courage: he earned the M.C. Though many S.O.E. officers earned decorations, in no other department of war did so much courage pass unnoticed.

Xavier now had his greatest success. One of his bands attacked a German formation sealed off in a road section south of Besançon. They set on fire several German vehicles, but at the height of the attack the Germans were reinforced by a battery of field artillery.

Xavier's men were forced to retreat. The Germans gave chase. Their field guns were highly manoeuvrable and pursued the Maquisards up a narrow road into the hills. The going got rougher, but the Germans pressed on.

The commander of the Maquis saw his chance. He sent a runner to Xavier who deployed further forces in the rear of the field guns. Within an hour the Germans were bracketed between two bands of Maquisards.

From apparently deserted hedges, from behind boulders and crumbled shepherds' huts, the Maquisards poured out, levelling a deadly fire against the bemused gun crews. The Germans put up a brief defence, then surrendered.

The guns were manned by the Maquisards—after instruction by the German crews—and added to the fighting power of the secret army.

The Panzer division which Roger's and Xavier's men had been harassing now came, like the Hermann Goering Division, to a full stop. The roads were totally impassable and the division was forced to retire south.

It now came into contact again with the forces under Roger, otherwise Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Cammaerts. He and his men already had many battle honours and had closed the famous Route Napoléon entirely.

The Simplon railway was cut continuously, and so were the lines which served the Rhône valley. Whole companies of field police were sent out by the Abwehr to catch Roger, no matter what the cost. They were told not to come back without him. In the event, they did not come back. . . .

MARSEILLES was partly under Roger, partly under members of the "Palestine Express" group, and there, too, the fighting grew hotter. The Germans had already destroyed the whole of the *Vieux Port* area with high explosive, but even this cataclysmic revenge had not deterred the men who lived there. They fought on from new streets, with new equipment, but with the same objective: the elimination of the Germans.

While Xavier celebrated the expulsion of the Panzers from his zone by parading his men in the villages and giving film shows of Allied victories, Roger's war reached its climax. The Panzers were fully engaged by his men, but he appealed to us for bazookas, Brens and Piats. Even these arms needed trained operators, and Roger was faced with the spectacle of Panzers on the edge of total destruction making their escape.

He asked for us to arrange an air strike from North Africa, where Patton's men were massing. The appeal was met.

Patton's invading troops faced little opposition when they landed in August. Their comparatively easy progress was

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earned at the cost of the lives of many French men and women who faced German tanks and armour with small arms, grenades and home-made bombs.

Two days after the landing of Patton's army, Roger was caught by the Gestapo. He had been briefing saboteurs in Sisteron when he was picked up by a patrol as he left a café.

The only witness was his courier, Christine, a Polish girl with a wonderful record in many of the German-occupied countries of Central Europe, who was hurrying to catch him up when she saw him taken. She followed as he was marched to the local Gestapo headquarters.

There was no time to summon help—there was only one thing to do, and Christine did it. She walked boldly up to the Gestapo headquarters and spoke to the sentry.

"I want to see the chief of the Gestapo," she said. "I have some important information for him."

The sentry, an elderly soldier, went hesitantly inside. Then: "You can go in," he said doubtfully.

A lieutenant inside said the commandant was occupied.

"I must see him in person," the girl insisted.

"What do you want to tell Colonel Schwartz?"

"Something that concerns him alone."

The young officer went unwillingly into the inner office. Through the open door Christine could see Roger sitting in a chair. There were two thugs, one on either side of him.

The chief of the Gestapo returned with the lieutenant. "I am here on behalf of the Maquis," Christine told him.

"What? *What?*

"You heard me, Colonel. You have a prisoner in there. I am here to ask you to give him up."

"Are you mad?"

"I think not," Christine said. "In a few hours the Americans will be here."

"What? A few hours?"

"Yes. And when they finally arrive they will be very interested to hear the story I have instructed should be told about a Colonel Schwartz. . . ."

"You know my name?"

"Of course."

"What story have you told them?"

"That you have arrested and tortured an innocent man."

"That is a lie."

"That is the story, Colonel. The only way to save your skin is to release your prisoner."

"Why? Why do you want this terrorist released?"

"My dear Colonel . . ." Christine said shyly.

The colonel looked down. "How do you know the Americans are coming so soon?" he said at last.

"Everybody knows. American forces are already to the north of you. In a matter of hours you will be cut off."

The colonel bit his knuckle. "Bring the prisoner in here," he shouted. "*Schnell!*"

Roger was led in. "You may leave," the colonel said.

Roger looked at Christine and blinked. Security could operate only to a certain point . . . this seemed a miracle.

"Well, go on," said the colonel. "Get out, both of you!"

In a daze Roger walked down the corridor. The colonel followed. At each sentry he gave orders for the pair to be allowed to pass.

Roger and Christine walked slowly down the street. Then Roger clasped Christine in his arms, roaring with laughter. . . .

The Hermann Goering Division was still in the toils. Aristide's men had chopped it into little pieces and now those shredded sections were being mopped up by the whole population of France's south-west.

This area had always been Resistance country and now, like Xavier's Jura, it virtually liberated itself.

In fact, the Hermann Goering Division never did reach the battle front. The delaying action so brilliantly engineered by S.O.E. officers, and so staunchly fought by the men in the field, had achieved far more than we in London had ever expected of it.

Today it is difficult to recreate the tension we felt in London during those middle months of 1944. To invade the Continent of Europe was an undertaking far more perilous, far less sure of success, than it now seems.

Now it is the actions of the great armies that attract attention. As time passes, the smaller strokes are lost in the admiration given to the overall effect.

It was not always so; in that summer of 1944 many lives were saved by the exploits and the deaths of a few men.

At Romorantin, four hundred Frenchmen armed with Stens and small arms held the bridge across the Loire. The group was led by a British girl, Pearl Cornioley—maiden name Witherington. A strong force of Germans were about to cross the Sauldre. S.H.A.E.F. asked us to hold them off.

Pearl was short of trained men, so she armed all the civilians who would help her. She spread them out through the ripening cornfields on the banks of the river.

The Germans were greeted by a furious fusillade. They approached the bridge, but the "massed troops" of their enemies drove them back. They faltered and retired.

Sir Winston Churchill, in the dark days of 1941, gave us the order: "Set Europe ablaze!"

After the war General Eisenhower said that the operations of S.O.E., together with those of the Maquis, had shortened the war in Europe by nine months.

In nine months a lot of towns are destroyed in a modern war, many millions of pounds' worth of equipment are used and many lives are lost. If Eisenhower's view is correct, then S.O.E. needs no further testimonial.

Books have been written since the war suggesting that the "fifth column" is a much over-rated weapon. But S.O.E. was not a fifth column at all; it was a military organization with strictly military objectives.

Ours was not a disjointed series of defiant and foolhardy acts, but a unified tactical and strategic operation. A large number of clandestine groups were welded together by a central direction which was itself immune from the hazards facing members in the field.

It has been suggested, too, that women agents should never have been sent—that they were forced to undertake missions to which both by temperament and by nature they were unsuited.

The dead can only be dishonoured by such accusations. Those of us who know of the work of such women as Violette Szabo, Norah Inayat-Khan and Denise Bloch, among those who died, and by Odette Hallowes (better known, perhaps, as Odette Churchill), Lise de Baissac, the sisters Jacqueline and Eileen Nearne and Nancy Wake, among those who survived, can only feel anger and contempt for attempts at denigration.

From the practical point of view women were able to move about with far greater freedom than men, and they were less likely to be snapped up by German forced labour organizations. Also, I believe that their presence often had a steadying effect on the men who commanded them.

S.O.E. finally came of age on D-Day plus fifteen, by which time we had 220 agents in France. On that day a "most urgent" message from General Eisenhower reached our office.

This was the situation: our hold on the Normandy beach-head was far from secure; we had come up against very stiff resistance and were pinned down. All our forces were fully committed; any reinforcement to the Germans might swing the balance and prove fatal to our cause.

Those reinforcements were on the way. A Panzer corps was moving towards Normandy and was expected to cross the River Eure near Evreux within the next twenty-four hours by the only remaining bridge.

This bridge was the only one the R.A.F. had failed to destroy. It had to be destroyed before the Panzers crossed it. What General Eisenhower wanted to know was: could S.O.E. destroy that bridge?

My staff and I met in my office to consider the position. S.H.A.E.F. was looking to S.O.E. to save the balance of the battle. Could we meet the challenge?

"It boils down to this," I said. "Have we got somebody who can get to the bridge and lay charges under it before the Panzers get there? It's sure to be heavily guarded, so it needs somebody who's known locally and who can get across without too much difficulty—in other words, somebody the guards will recognize as harmless."

"Hervé's near there," Vera Atkins said.

"Has he got any explosive left?" I got through on the phone to our wireless station. "When is Hervé's next sked?" I demanded.

"Tonight at eight fifty," came the reply.

"Take this message for him," I said. "BRIDGE AT EVREUX MUST REPEAT MUST BE DESTROYED NORMANDY BATTLE HINGES ON IT HAVE YOU EXPLOSIVES FOR JOB REPLY MOST URGENT MESSAGE ENDS."

"I'll keep the line open for him," the officer at the other end said. "He'll be able to reply at once."

"Good." I put the phone down. "If he hasn't got enough explosive," I said, "it's all up. It's too late to fly any in. Anyway, the place must be crawling with Boches by now."

The very outcome of the war seemed to us in that office to depend on whether Hervé could do the job.

At eight thirty we were all in my office, waiting. . . . We sat silently, staring at the phone. It rang at a quarter to ten.

I snatched it up. "Yes?"

"This is Colonel Briggs here, at S.H.A.E.F. Any news?"

"We're waiting to hear."

"The R.A.F. have failed again with the bridge. The Panzers will be there in three hours. The Supreme Commander's very anxious."

We waited. Ten minutes later the phone rang. It was our wireless station. "We have made contact with Hervé. He understands the importance of the mission."

"What about explosives?" I asked, in as calm a voice as I could.

"I will read you his message. Here it is: 'MESSAGE RECEIVED AND UNDERSTOOD WILL DO IMMEDIATELY EXPLOSIVES AVAILABLE VIVE LA FRANCE VIVE L'ANGLETERRE.'"

I repeated it to the staff round my desk. Then I put the phone down and rang Colonel Briggs at S.H.A.E.F. "The Supreme Commander's orders have been transmitted and will be carried out immediately," I told him.

Precisely what happened that summer night in Evreux we shall never know. Immediately after receiving his orders Hervé went to see the local postman. From him he borrowed his uniform and his bicycle. He refused to say what he was going to do except that it was "*pour La France.*"

From that time Hervé was never seen again by anybody who lived to tell the tale. My view is that he loaded the explosives into the postman's satchel and on the bicycle carrier. Then he cycled boldly up to the bridge and past the guards who controlled it. As he reached the centre of the bridge, before the guards could intervene, he flung the bike and himself to the ground and pressed the instantaneous detonators on the charges he was carrying, blowing the bridge and himself to pieces.

The next morning an R.A.F. reconnaissance plane flew over the Eure. There were no bridges standing. On the far side of the river—the wrong side for them—a Panzer corps was drawn up. That corps never crossed the Eure. It was later knocked out by a Typhoon squadron.

Next morning we had a message from the Supreme Commander. "CONGRATULATIONS—EISENHOWER."

THE END

Next spring, Odhams will publish Maurice Buckmaster's story as a book entitled "They Fought Alone"

"I think I'll have a dip into tomorrow's ration of calories"

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Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

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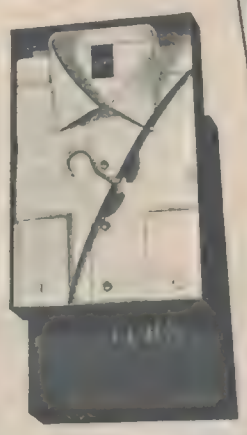

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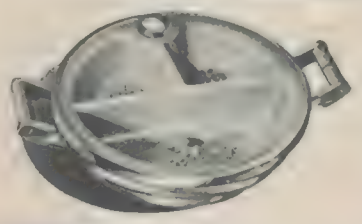

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Deep-penetrating Loxene washes *clinically* clean, clears dandruff and leaves hair manageable, fresh and soft. Bottle 2/- Sachet 7d

LOXENE
MEDICATED SHAMPOO
—takes good care of the family's hair

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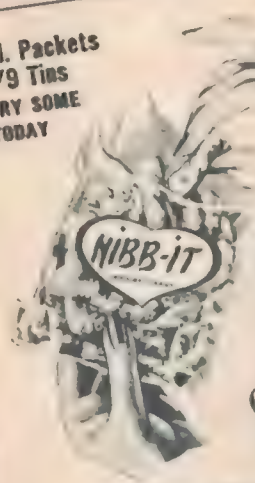

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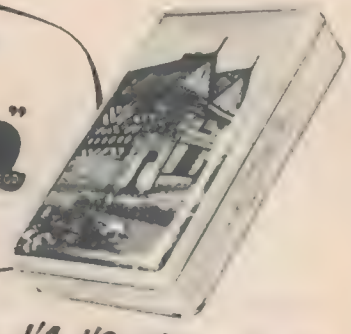

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GO-SUCK A ZUBE

ZUBES REG'D

are best for throat and chest

Price in tins 9½d and 1/6, or 6½d per oz. loose.

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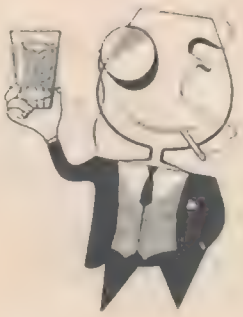

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D. Give the gift that's always right: give a . . . ! ☐

E. Just two words in your ear: let . . . help this Christmas! ☐

F. Prove this for yourself: the taste of . . . is unique! ☐

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Dad won't lose time—in thanking you if you give him this handsome Half-hunter.

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THE METAL-TIPPED RUBBER HEEL

Sizes for Men, Ladies and Children.

Tough rubber and tougher metal combine to make these the hardest wearing heels you've ever known.

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It's so economical!

STANDARD SIZE 1/6
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My recipes never fail

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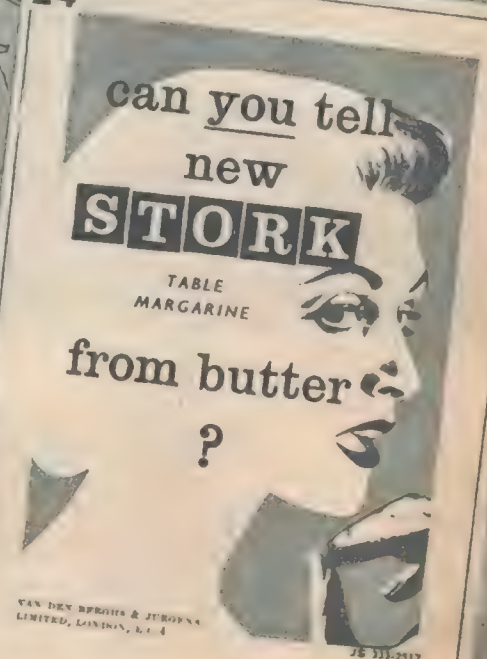

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LAST DAY TO POST COUPON MONDAY JAN. 6

Treasure on earth

Continued from page 9

Scouts can have it for their jumble sale at Easter."

By half-past two the bazaar had been shyly opened by the bishop's gentle wife, and the afternoon took on the shape of all such afterncons, even to everybody agreeing—as usual—that it was the largest crowd they'd ever had.

More and more, Mr. Ponsonby's mind was ruled by his watch. He couldn't stop himself from taking constant, furtive peeps at it and calculating—as near as he could get, allowing for the vagaries of trains and Bert's taxi—how long it would be before he must slip away to the Vicarage in readiness to greet Mr. Waite.

Long before it was necessary, he was pacing restlessly up and down in his own front hall. He heard the car before he saw it, the scrunch of the tyres and the imperious toot of Bert's horn. Then it was there, rearing up on its haunches under Bert's fiercely applied brakes—a sure sign he disapproved of his passenger—and Mr. Ponsonby was opening the rear door for a small, dark, middle-aged man wearing a neat blue suit, a bowler hat and horn-rimmed spectacles.

"So good of you to come on a Saturday afterncon. . . . Thank you, Bert. I'll let you know when this gentleman is ready to be driven back. . . ."

He led Mr. Waite to the dining-room. The chairs stood placidly, unaware that they were lambs to the slaughter. As the expert bent over his task of inspection, Mr. Ponsonby found he couldn't watch: it was like looking on while six dear friends underwent a serious medical examination. He walked to the window and gazed out towards the church tower. *For you*, he told it silently. *For you*.

He heard a discreet cough behind him.

"Mr. Ponsonby."

"Yes?" Mr. Ponsonby turned. This was it. He prayed for courage.

"How long," asked Mr. Waite, "have you had these chairs?"

"Eleven years." Mr. Ponsonby couldn't see any sense in the question, but he supposed all experts had their own methods.

"And where were they before that?"

"At my aunt's—Mrs. Decker's—home in Liverpool. They had been in her family since they were first made."

"Er—I think not," said Mr. Waite. He spoke firmly but a trifle sadly, like one obliged, against his will, to give pain. "I do not think that possible. You see, sir, they are not genuine."

Mr. Ponsonby stared at Mr. Waite. "Not genuine? But——"

"I'm afraid not, sir."

Briefly, expertly, Mr. Waite showed him how the chairs had proved themselves fakes. In his bewilderment Mr. Ponsonby could not take it all in, but he did gather that the feet were not worn, as they should have been after years of being moved over carpets: that the carving had been executed with modern tools; that it lacked the perfect finish of the master's handiwork.

"They're not even period," Mr. Waite concluded. "I wouldn't give them more than twenty-five years."

"Twenty-five years," repeated Mr. Ponsonby thoughtfully.

At the back of his mind old memories were beginning to stir. There had been that time in the thirties, during the slump, when a firm called Associated Developments had sunk to the bottom, carrying with it a large chunk of Aunt Bess's capital. The family had held a conference to decide what should be done to help poor old Aunt B., only to meet with a flat refusal on poor old Aunt B's part to let them do anything. *I can manage*, she had written to Henry's father, then head of the family, *without any of your interference*. . . .

"It is quite common," said Mr. Waite kindly, reading his client's thoughts, "for people in—er—difficulties to have valuable furniture copied and then to sell the originals. Very often the reproductions give almost as much aesthetic pleasure as the originals. But, of course"—he cleared his throat deprecatingly—"when it comes to a question of value. . . ."

Mr. Ponsonby nodded. He still felt confused, but through the confusion was beginning to seep the delicious knowledge that his chairs—his beloved chairs, that he would love equally well for their beauty whether they were originals or not—were saved. Soon, at any moment, would seep also the realization that he no longer had a large sum in embryo to put towards the Tower Fund but, just for the moment, he could feel nothing but surging relief.

"Henry . . . oh, good evening—it's Mr. Waite, isn't it? Henry, do tell me. Are they *very* valuable?"

Mr. Ponsonby came out of his trance. Mary was standing in the doorway, clutching an armful of bazaar debris—sure sign that the party was over. He recognized remnants of the bring-and-buy stall, the pink blancmange lampshade, Miss Fosdick's brown stoneware jug.

Mary was looking at him, awaiting his answer. Her face wore the look of childlike eagerness which had won the heart of an earnest young curate in a straggling North London parish thirty-two years ago. And he realized, with a stab of pain, that she was going to be disappointed.

"My dear." He moved towards her, not knowing what to say. "My dear, Mr. Waite says . . . poor Aunt Bess . . . you know that time when she lost all her money——"

He was interrupted by Mr. Waite's voice: sharp, excited, a completely different voice.

"Mrs. Ponsonby. That brown jug you are holding. May I see it?"

He was standing staring at the jug as if he had just struck gold. Startled, for a moment Mary stared back at him. Then she looked down at her armful.

"Which—oh, you mean this thing? Yes, of course. You'd better take it yourself—I've got so much I might drop something."

Tenderly, with exquisite care, yet giving the impression that he could only just prevent himself from snatching, Mr. Waite extricated the jug from Mary's bundle. He turned it over in his fingers, looking for the mark.

"I thought so." His voice trembled with excitement. "I thought so. A piece of genuine Kennington."

"And what on earth is genuine Kennington?" demanded Mary.

Mr. Waite looked at her as though she had asked what on earth was the dome of St. Paul's.

"The product of the famous Kennington Potteries," he exclaimed. "Founded in 1756 by Joseph Tonkin and carried on after his death by his son Horace till 1830. They turned out white and brown stoneware and red unglazed ware and there are hardly any specimens of their work still in existence."

He looked down at the piece he held with the ecstasy of a lover gazing at the face of his beloved. Mary asked tentatively: "Is it . . . very . . . valuable?"

"Valuable?" Mr. Waite gave her another shocked glance. "Indeed, yes. I am not an expert: china is not my speciality. But I imagine this should fetch something in the region of——"

He named a sum which made Mary gasp.

"But"—she turned to her husband—"Henry, that would *more* than pay——"

She stopped short. Mr. Ponsonby, too, was looking at the small brown jug in Mr. Waite's loving hands. But there was no ecstasy in his face.

He said slowly, as one who found each word painful: "No, Mary. Morally, we have no right to do it. Not now we know its value. It belongs to Miss Fosdick. . . ."

Mr. Ponsonby walked smartly up Miss Fosdick's drive. *Get it over and done with*, he thought, trying not to feel savage, or think unpriestly thoughts about casting pearls before swine.

Mary had been wonderful. After the first few moments of shattering disappointment, she hadn't lifted a finger to deflect him from his chosen course.

It was Mr. Waite who had protested.

"If she knows and cares so little that she could put it into a church bazaar——"

"That's beside the point." Mr. Ponsonby had spoken wearily. "If she had had the faintest inkling of its value, she would never have parted with it. How it ever got separated from the rest of her valuables is a mystery. Now I must go and give it back to her at once."

As he waited in the morning-room, he wondered if Miss Fosdick would be grateful for the return of her property, or if she would merely accept it as her due. She had attended the bazaar for her regulation hour that afternoon, and had spent her regulation sum of thirty shillings.

As she came into the room, she looked anything but pleased to see him.

"Well, Mr. Ponsonby? Not another appeal, I hope?"

There was a sarcastic edge to her voice that made it necessary for Mr. Ponsonby to pause a moment before he dared trust his own voice in reply.

At length he managed to say, quite calmly: "No, it's not an appeal. Miss Fosdick, when you sent us this jug for the bring-and-buy stall," he held the small brown object out to her, "had you any idea that it was a piece of extremely rare and valuable eighteenth-century pottery?"

"Valuable?" She took it, frowning, out of his hand. "No, of course I hadn't. I found it in the attic with a great many other things I cleared out from my mother's room after she died. How do you know," she peered up at him suspiciously, "that it *is* valuable?"

"I happened to have a representative of Lomax's, the antique dealers, at the Vicarage this afternoon, looking at some of my own things, and he saw the jug and recognized it at once. He says it is worth a great deal of money. Fortunately, nobody wanted to buy it, so I am able to return——"

"Certainly not," said Miss Fosdick.

There was a pause. Miss Fosdick was looking at Mr. Ponsonby with tight-lipped disapproval, as if he had made an improper suggestion. Then she said: "Mr. Ponsonby, admittedly, when I gave you that jug for your bring-and-buy stall, I had no idea of its value: but that does not alter its status as a gift. When it is my duty to give, I give. Once the duty is performed, I finish with it. It is against my principles. . . ."

Her affronted voice went on and on. But Mr. Ponsonby, staring down at the jug which she had thrust back unceremoniously into his hands, was no longer listening. He was feeling suddenly very small and humble, as if the Gospel of faith and hope and love which he had been preaching all his life had only just begun to have a real meaning for him.

"Thank you," he said at last, breaking in on Miss Fosdick. "Thank you very much. We are deeply grateful."

He couldn't get back to the Vicarage fast enough to tell Mary. THE END

The Carol Singers

by EDITH SIMPSON

They come in ones, they come in twos,
They come in tens and dozens;
If paid aright, they'll come next night
Along with all their cousins.
They fill the air with curious sounds—
And how we wish they wouldn't!
For some they bring that cannot sing
And many more that shouldn't.
Excruciating is the sound
Of Christians awoken
By growl and squeak that plainly speak
Of voices newly broken;
While every year there smites the ear
That horrible renewal
Of eldrich wails by youthful males
In search of Winter Fuel.
Fortissimo they rend the air
Until, *poco a poco*,
The echoes fade, as singers raid
The house for buns and cocoa
And, strangely, leave, along with all
The draughts and mud they bring us,
Some age-old magic only known
To Christmas Carol Singers!

Woman in the camp

Continued from page 21

had cleared a circular space and built a stone fireplace, with two big square stones in the middle to support a water tin.

Joe grunted as he looked around. Before, they had just stripped off near the camp fire. Life had been uncomplicated then. He promised himself grimly that it would soon be so again. He scraped a wax match alight and put it to the kindling twigs. They crackled into life as Mossop Pike padded in.

"You can take that girl back first thing tomorrow," Joe said.

Moss squatted by the new-born fire and spread his big hands to the warmth. "Son," he said mildly. "I've come to try and put you right. The way you're going, you'll finish up a cranky old critter like me."

"*And* soft in the head." Joe levelled an accusing finger. "You're infatuated with her. You—at your age."

Moss nodded happily.

"Well, get her out of here," Joe exploded. "For your own sake, as well as mine."

"She stays," Moss said. He held up a silencing hand. "You see, I'm in what you might call a strong position. You need me. You can't prospect in these parts by yourself, and there's no other guide you can get right now. And this girl needs me pretty much the same way. You both need me, so you've just got to share me."

Joe started to undress. Savagely. Moss had him stretched across a barrel and it didn't help to know it.

"Moss," he said, "we've been together a long time now. We've been friends. Why did you have to do this to me?"

"Think of the future, son," Moss chuckled. "Think what wonderful grandchildren you could give me, if you put your mind to it. You could learn them about the rocks . . . and Lindsay all about the birds and animals. . . ."

Joe threw a boot at him. Moss caught it deftly and unhurriedly, tossed it back from a safe distance, and went his way, humming.

Joe took a long time over that bath. He had to think. . . .

The mountain air was chill, the sun an afterglow on a cottonwool cloud, when at last he emerged from the trees for his reluctant supper. He knew now what he had to do.

He had to help the Randall female get her tiger. The sooner she got it, the sooner she'd go away. . . .

Joe rolled from his stretcher in the pre-dawn. He liked the peace and loneliness of that hour when the stars and often a slice of moon still fought off the sun. He ducked through the tent flap, hands and face tingling with the cold, his booted feet crunching on thick white frost.

"Good morning," Lindsay Randall said.

Joe swung round and stared. She had a fire on and their battered, soot-blackened old billy was hanging above it from the tripod. She was smiling, her face flushed with the fire and the cold air. He went across and looked suspiciously at the pan she was holding. It was full of sausages.

He said: "Am I invited?"

"I insist," she said.

Joe tilted the billy with a stick and poured a mug of tea. It was as good as it looked. He watched Lindsay Randall as he sipped, unconsciously admiring the supple grace of her body as she moved around the fire. And he found himself deciding to be subtle in the introduction of his plan. After all, he told himself, they had to share camp until she'd got her tiger.

"I've been thinking about what you said yesterday, about helping science," he said. "Reckon it won't hurt me to pitch in."

She turned towards him. "Why, thanks. But what about your work?"

"The rocks can wait," he said offhandedly. "They're always there."

She stood up, forked the sausages on to three tin plates, slapped down two eggs apiece, and portioned out the toast. "Moss," she called. "Come and get it, Moss." Then she handed Joe a plate, smiling. "I reckon I owe you an apology. I'd thought you were an old curmudgeon. In fact I thought you were going to throw me out. . . ."

Moss shovelled his food away, gulped a tin mug of scalding tea and said: "Well, let's get going, girl."

Joe said: "I'm going to help."

"You are?" Moss turned his shaggy head and stared at Joe.

"It'll give you more cover."

"Sure," Moss said, and grinned. "Make it quicker, too."

Lindsay Randall laughed. "I hadn't thought of that." She looked quizzically at Joe. "Perhaps you *are* an old curmudgeon, after all."

In the following six days they put out a network of snare lines in a great semicircle based on the river. And then they started to patrol them, Moss and Lindsay Randall working together near the river, and Joe on the inland pitch. The weather was truly spring, but it was still hard work.

And spring, if it were indeed that, only made the evenings more difficult for Joe. At the ending of each day he found it harder and harder to relax. Each night, at the camp fire, it became more difficult to remember that Lindsay Randall was an unwanted stranger, the suborner of his guide, a menacing intruder, the interrupter of his work. . . .

She was at home in the camp. And you could tell by the way she sat quietly sometimes, dreaming, or walked, easy and relaxed, along a track, that she understood and loved the bushland. It was hard to resent somebody who belonged.

He had developed bad symptoms, too—and knew it. He kept noting things like the way her throat pulsed softly when she laughed; how smoothly fleshed her arms were when she rolled up her sleeves for cooking. . . .

At the end of the second week, with not so much as the scent of a tiger, Joe was really desperate. At supper that night, he said: "Tomorrow we'll split up. We're not covering enough ground this way. Lindsay can take the lines near the river. Moss, you and I can share the inland ones."

"Why?" Moss said, and grinned. He was squatting by the fire, on his haunches, like an aboriginal. "If one o' them old tigers gets in a snare, he'll wait."

"I've got work to do," Joe said. "Or maybe you've forgotten that."

Moss tossed a stick on the camp fire. "No," he said. "I've not forgot. I'm just remembering you told Lindsay the rocks would always be there."

"Sure they will," Joe said coldly. "And while you're being paid double, why should you hurry back to them?"

"Listen," Lindsay Randall interrupted, quickly. "I'll be all right along the river. There's a track. I know the place."

"Tell you what, girl," Moss said slyly. "You and Joe work together awhile. I'll take the inland stint."

"We split," Joe said with more than a hint of panic. "If she sticks to the path, she can't go wrong."

"All right." Moss shrugged. "But if *I* was a young shaver and had a chance of being with——"

"Shut up," Joe roared. . . .

They separated next day. It was nearly noon and Joe was several miles away in the deep mountain bush when he heard the rifle shots. There were four of them, faint but sharp, like dry twigs cracking, and bunched so close that they almost ran together.

He placed the shots about two miles up-river from the camp, and headed there with a desperate urgency. He was afraid for Lindsay. Suddenly she was all-important, much more so than any of the things that had been important hitherto.

Trees and bushes, great rocks and abrupt, deep water scourings conspired to impede him, but he rarely slackened speed. And in less than an hour he reached the track along the river bank.

He found her standing off the track by a matted thicket. Her face was tense and her eyes shone.

"You're all right?" Joe gasped.

She laughed, a high, excited laugh, and her eyes met his. Then her head turned. Joe followed the direction of her gaze. And there was his answer, strung up by one hind foot to the stringer of a snare.

"There," she said shakily. "*Thylacinus cynocephalus.*"

Thylacinus glared up sullenly from his undignified position. He was a creature with a wolf-like mouth whose jaws extended almost to the ratty ears. His legs were short and the hind ones finished in a long, flat heel like a shortened kangaroo's paw. His rump curved in instead of being rounded like a dog's, and he had a long, powerful tail. Wide chocolate-coloured stripes ran across his back from the tail almost to the shoulders.

"Crikey," Joe said, uncertainly. "He is pretty ugly close up."

"Ugly?" Lindsay Randall cried indignantly. "Why—he's beautiful!"

Joe stared. Then he grinned. "Why, of course he's beautiful—in an ugly sort of way."

Suddenly they were both laughing together. And then Lindsay, excited by her success, flung her arms around Joe and kissed him on the lips.

"Let's get this beast tied up," Joe said awkwardly.

He made a noose in a piece of cord, knelt close to the beast and, when it snarled, dropped the noose over the lower jaw and snagged it tight. He threw the cord quickly over the snout and trussed up the big jaws. Then he bent the stringer forward, loosening the snare cord, and bound the forelegs. *Thylacinus* raised no protest, lying sullen and inert.

Joe stared gloomily into the piggy eyes, blaming the beast now for getting caught. For this, he realized, was Lindsay's journey's end. Now the beast was caught, she would be leaving.

"Let's go," he said, unhappily. "We'll take the cord from the next snare, and tie him more securely."

He shifted his hand grips for a quick hoist to his shoulders, and was stooping down when Mossop Pike came in at full charge.

"Well, chase me up a gum tree," Moss bellowed. "Strike me handsome . . . a ruddy tiger!"

SWINGING to meet the old man, Joe saw Moss lurching forward, rifle in one hand, a residue of anxiety still in his eyes. Then he felt the tiger's body tighten. Before he could do anything, it exploded, leaped upwards like a coiled spring released.

Joe fell backwards and, falling, heard Lindsay scream. He twisted quickly and scrambled to his feet, just in time to see her knock up Moss's rifle. The tiger was bouncing down the track like a miniature kangaroo, holding his bound forelegs high, using them to balance. Then he swerved and leaped into the river.

Joe tore after him, saw the head bob up and had started to drag off his boots when Lindsay grabbed him.

"Don't, Joe." Her voice was sharp, her hand grip tight. "He'll swim better than you in that water. Let him go."

They stood together, watching the brown head of the tiger lunging against the swift current, dipping under the surface and reappearing as he fought the river. He went downstream on a long diagonal, and they saw him hobbling in the shallows on the opposite side, then mount the low bank and disappear into the bush, there to chew off his bonds.

Joe turned away. "So," he said. "He had me fooled after all."

"At least it's cleared up one thing," Lindsay Randall said. "He can jump on those hind legs. It's been a point for argument up till now."

Then her voice broke and Joe turned to her quickly.

"Lindsay," he said earnestly. "I'm not going to tell you I'm sorry. There's something better. I'm going to catch you another tiger. If it takes years, I'll get you one."

"Spoke like a ruddy man," Moss Pike said.

"But I'm a woman," Lindsay Randall said. Her voice was modest, but her eyes were bright. "Moss warned me in Oxlip how you hated women . . . how you'd said that women grabbed men and tied them down."

"Hate women?" Joe rubbed a hand across his chin. "Whatever gave the crazy old coot an idea like that?"

"Well, chase me round a stump," Moss cried.

Joe took Lindsay's hands. "He's a foolish old man," he said calmly. "But he means well. Right from the start he's been telling me how beautiful you are, and what wonderful grandchildren you could give him."

She looked down at the ground.

"He said I could teach the kids geology," Joe murmured, "and you could tell them all about the birds and animals. . . ."

Lindsay Randall looked up and smiled then. Really smiled. And old Moss Pike turned away as Joe took her in his arms. THE END

WHY?

MRS. MANDERS went to the dentist to have a wisdom tooth extracted. The extraction took place under gas, and later she found that the dentist had left part of the tooth's root in her jaw. More important, her jaw was fractured.

She sued the dentist for negligence.

The dentist denied the charge and said there was no evidence of negligence.

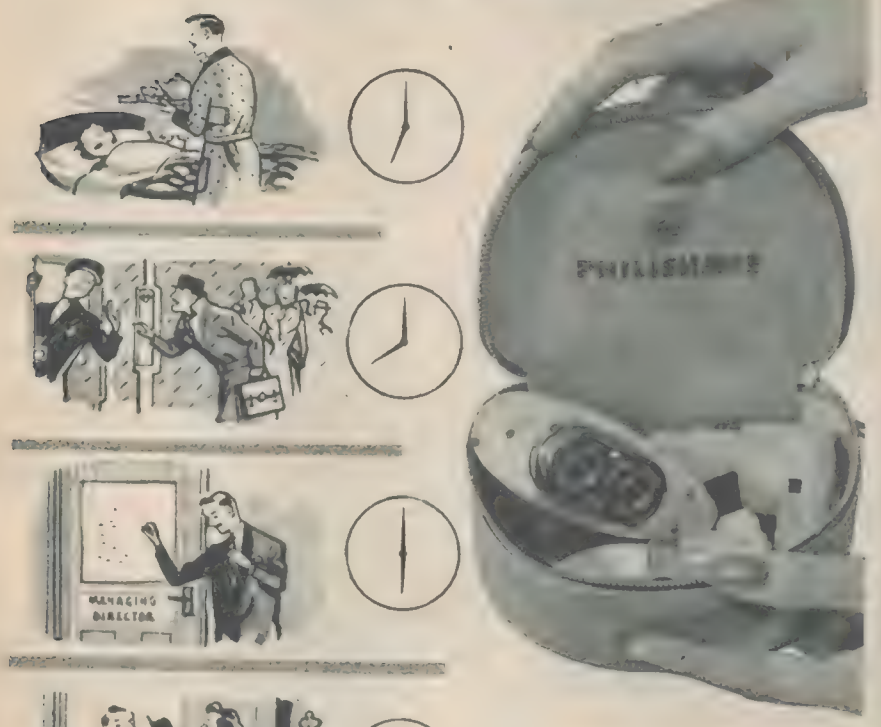
"That is not true," contended Mrs. Manders's counsel. "If a qualified dentist extracts a tooth and, after that extraction the jaw is found to be fractured, that of itself is evidence of some negligence."

But the dentist won his case without going into the witness box.

WHY?

A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page 33

He deserves that PHILISHAVE for Christmas!



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OUT FRIDAY, 20th DEC.—2/3d.

Bob's worth of justice at the Dovecote Inn

Continued from page 19

the three fields. Every year they sow one field with wheat, one with a spring crop such as barley, oats, beans and peas, and they rest the other in fallow. This system rotates, the wheat field becoming next year the spring crop field and the year after that the fallow.

Though the fields have kept their essential character, they have undergone drastic reorganization within Rose's time. "When I was a youth in Laxton, there used to be more than 1,100 strips in the three fields, averaging three-quarters of an acre apiece. In bygone days, those strips each gave one man about a day's work, but when farm machinery arrived the strips became uneconomic. In one field, a man had seventeen acres in twenty-three widely scattered strips.

"The fourth Earl Manvers sanctioned a rearrangement, so that each tenant had the same acreage, but in fewer strips. The average strip today is three and a quarter acres, though a few are as big as ten acres. The lord of the manor also allowed the tenants to enclose about a third of each field. In those closes we still farm in strips, but we don't have to follow the strict rotation crop."

With each holding goes a farmhouse and its outbuildings. These farm buildings crowded along the winding main street give the village a distinctive appearance.

Across the open fields clay roads and stretches of untillable grassland known as sykes (pronounced 'sicks') form some of the boundaries between the strips, but in most cases the farmers' lands abut one another with nothing more than a furrow as the demarcation line.

The court imposes the bulk of its fines on one day in the year, generally in October, when the elected jury inspects what it calls "the coming wheat field" and the dykes and ditches.

"The foreman tells me when everyone has sown his wheat and we agree on a date for jury day," says Rose. "I go round to the jury approved at the previous court day and tell them

HYPOCRISY—2

Every man alone is sincere;
at the entrance of a second
person hypocrisy begins.

R. W. Emerson

when we propose to walk the wheat field. At ten o'clock on the morning in question I ring the bell to summon them to the Dovecote. We have a beer and a bite to eat before we set off.

"The foreman then selects four men to walk the main dyke, two from each end, and I go with the other eight in a tractor and trailer to the wheat field."

The eight men covering the wheat field examine and measure the roads, which must be fifteen feet wide, and inspect the dykes and ditches for evidence of encroachment. "If a tenant ploughs a slice off the edge of a road, he interferes with the common right of way and is fined. If he takes a piece off a syke, he reduces valuable grassland. Likewise, he must not leave on the sykes heaps of soil or manure which will interfere with the grass mowing."

Some recent fines show how closely the juries watch these points. For "ploughing up Long Syke" last year, a farmer had to pay a two-shilling fine. For "ploughing up the road on Sheep Wash Hill," another was fined seven shillings. Yet another tenant had to pay seven shillings for "ploughing up Addik Hedge."

The jury, who make tracks for the Dovecote Inn after the inspection, impose about a dozen fines a year.

Elmer Rose says: "In a really bad case, we fine the culprit up to a pound or a guinea." Some time ago an oil exploration company had permission from the lord of the manor and from certain tenants to make test borings in the open fields. In transporting their equipment across the open fields the oil men rutted and broke some of the clay roads to the extent that they became almost impassable to the farm vehicles. The jury that year imposed on the oil company perhaps the biggest fine in the history of Laxton manor court: £2.

"Offenders can, and do, appeal at court day in November or December against the fines," says Rose. "Occasionally, the court reduces the amounts. If a man wanted to appeal at a higher level, he would have to go to the High Court."

Every July the village holds a sale by auction of the grass on the sykes in the two fields which are in crop. Only people living in the village, "those who send up smoke," as Rose puts it, may bid for the grass. The auctioneer sells the sykes separately. They have such names as Peck's Piece, Meadowsides, Copthorne Bottoms, Top Long Syke. "The auctioneer has no more idea than a fly in the air of what he's selling."

Bids range from the minimum of a shilling to £10 or more.

Elmer John Rose was born in Laxton on August 30, 1888. He worked on the land for half of every day from the age of eleven and left school finally at thirteen. In the open fields he earned fourpence a day.

IN 1934, Earl Manvers's agent "begged" Rose to take over nineteen acres of strips lying uncultivated in the open fields. The previous tenant, an old man, had let the land overgrow with weeds. The agent agreed to waive Rose's rent for the first year. Then aged forty-five, Rose took the tenancy and moved his family into the tied farmhouse at Laxton.

Starting with a capital of £100 and "thirty shillings dilapidations money from the old man," he bought a cow, a horse and a plough. "I've worked sixteen hours a day ever since."

Rose became bailiff and pinder of the parish in 1936, at the request of the steward. The rôle of pinder, whose main function is to impound stock found straying in the open fields and to hold it until appropriate fines are paid, has become all but redundant in Rose's time. The pound is overgrown and Rose cannot remember the last time he put an animal in it. As pinder, however, he receives a fee of fifteen shillings a year.

He refuses to reveal his fees as bailiff. "Only the steward and I know them." In recent times he has supplemented his income by charging the parties of tourists, schoolchildren and students who continually visit the village a guinea a time to be conducted over the open fields.

Agricultural experts agree that the open fields are uneconomic in modern commercial farming, but Rose defends them on one ground alone. "I know of no other place in Britain where a working man, a labourer, can start farming from scratch as I did."

Other less tangible advantages emerge from a study of the Laxton system. The administration of the open fields is a pure democracy in which, sooner or later, everyone concerned takes his full share of responsibility. The people really control their own affairs.

They are quietly proud of their historic lands and of their traditions. Their closeness breeds strong feelings of neighbourliness. "The nearest vet is ten miles away," says Rose, "so we're always calling one another out at odd times to help when cows calve in the night."

Now that Rose has handed his farm over to his son, he will have much more time to devote to his work as bailiff of the manor. Undoubtedly, he will watch his son's farming closely, and will not hesitate to report to the court any offences he commits.

"Last year the jury fined me five shillings for ploughing into a dyke alongside some of my land," says Rose, with mock indignation. "I never ploughed it at all. It was Edmund. He couldn't be bothered to turn the soil back on to the land. Perhaps he'll be more careful now he has to pay the fines himself."

THE END

Stolen city

Continued from page 13

in others. Nobody could remember a similar sensation on leaving.

Peter took the lift down to the ground floor, stepped outside and hailed a cab.

"Take me across Waterloo Bridge," he said.

The cabby nodded and flicked his flag down. As the taxi approached the bridge, Peter felt a mounting uneasiness, a growing tension in the pit of his stomach. *What am I dabbling in?* he wondered.

They drove across the bridge. Nothing unusual.

"Turn round and drive back," Peter said.

Halfway across the bridge the sensation came. Peter thought of Parker's description of a pencil in water. It was a good description. The sensation was one of dislocation, powerful but gentle.

"Did you feel anything just then?" Peter asked the driver.

The man scratched his head under the peak of his cap. "I dunno," he said. "Was I supposed to?"

"Sort of an electric shock?"

The driver looked back at Peter, his eyes wide. "That's it, sir. What was it?"

"I don't know. Drop me here."

"Here? In the middle of the bridge?"

"That's right." Peter paid the cabby and climbed out on to the pavement. He walked back towards the place where the sensation had hit him. He had marked it: right by one of the lamp standards. He walked fifty feet past the lamp, feeling nothing. Then he turned and walked back towards the heart of the city. As he came near the lamp the sensation seized him again. He stopped on the spot, wondering whether the feeling of dislocation would continue. It did not; as usual, it passed away instantly. He decided to try again. He turned once more and walked away. . . .

SUDDENLY he was not on the bridge any more. He was standing on a vast desert of stark white, under a vivid sky. Two suns were in the sky: a small, fiercely bright white one, and a larger, dimmer, orange one.

Peter turned round. Behind him was an immense white wall. It stretched up to the sky, higher than any building Peter had ever seen. There were no doorways in it, no windows, no openings of any kind. Peter walked up to it, hard white crystals crunching under his feet. He put his hands on it. It was cold, hard, unyielding.

Peter loosened his tie. He was scared. He stood by the immense wall, searching the white, empty desert with his eyes.

Suddenly there was a voice, from nowhere and everywhere, speaking his name in perfect English. "You are Peter Kenney."

The voice did not have a human timbre. It had a tone much like that of a French horn: large, high, open-throated.

"We cannot understand you, Peter Kenney," the voice went on. "Why are you concerned over an insignificant sensation that occurs on entrances to your city's centre?"

Peter did not reply.

"You may talk to me," the voice said. "Speak in a normal tone. I can hear you."

"Who are you?" Peter asked.

"That need not concern you. Do not be frightened, however. We have no intention whatever of harming you. What were you searching for on the bridge?"

"Answers," said Peter. "I wanted to find out what causes the sensation."

"But why? Are you not happy, living and working in your city? Do you believe that truth will make you happier?"

"Not necessarily."

"Then why are you seeking it?"

"It's my business to seek truth."

"Even though it will not make you happier?"

"Happiness has nothing to do with truth."

There was a pause.

"You are very puzzling to us, Peter Kenney," the voice said at last. "You are also, we think, very unwise. We assure you that neither you nor anybody in your city is in any danger whatever. We further assure you that, if you continue to experiment with something which, after all, does not concern you, you will make yourself and all your people most unhappy."

And suddenly Peter found himself standing on the bridge again.

He took a cab back to the office, ordered a sandwich and coffee from the canteen, and shut himself in his room. He was beginning to have some ideas. He did not like them.

He phoned his wife, out in the suburbs. "I've got two tickets to the ice show," he told her. She loved skating, and he knew that she would be thrilled. "They're for tonight. Get a baby-sitter and meet me here at the office. We'll have dinner——"

"But, Peter, I can't," she said. "Not tonight."

Peter's hand shook on the receiver. He had half expected this, but hoped against it.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Mother's ill. I'm just off now. I'll have to stay with her."

"Well," said Peter, frantically making up a new story, "there's a

WHY?

See page 31

BECAUSE, said the judge, the mere fact that a jaw is fractured in the course of an extraction is not, by itself, evidence of negligence against the dentist. Therefore Mrs. Manders had not even begun to make out a case, and the dentist's lawyer could rightly say that there was no need for his client to give evidence. Where there is no case against someone, the defendant does not need to give evidence in his own defence.

(*This verdict is based on actual cases*)

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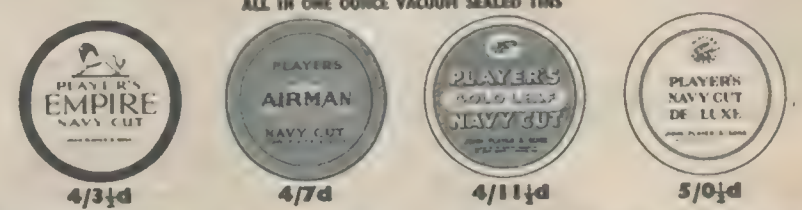

4/3½d 4/7d 4/11½d 5/0½d

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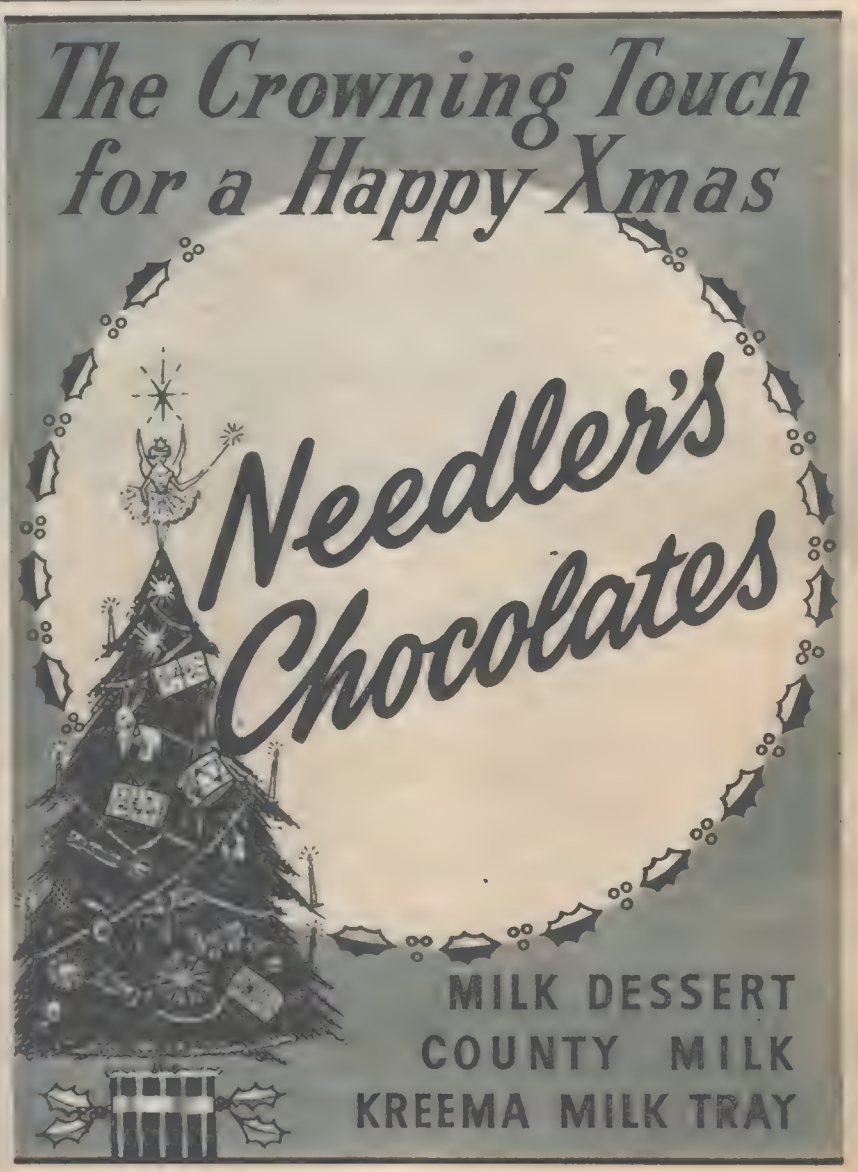


a vacgum cleaner

for Mum

(who likes something soothing while doing the housework)

a gumbrella

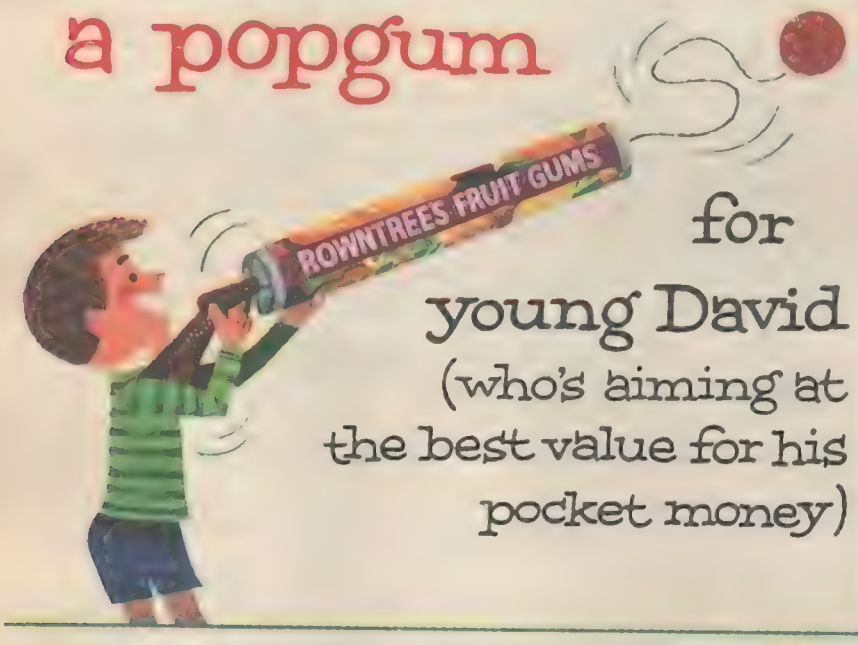
for Dad

(who likes to taste the fruit after a hard day at the office)

a popgum

for young David

(who's aiming at the best value for his pocket money)



a gumbroidered cushion

for Grandma

(who likes to sit back and relax while watching TV)

a gumophone

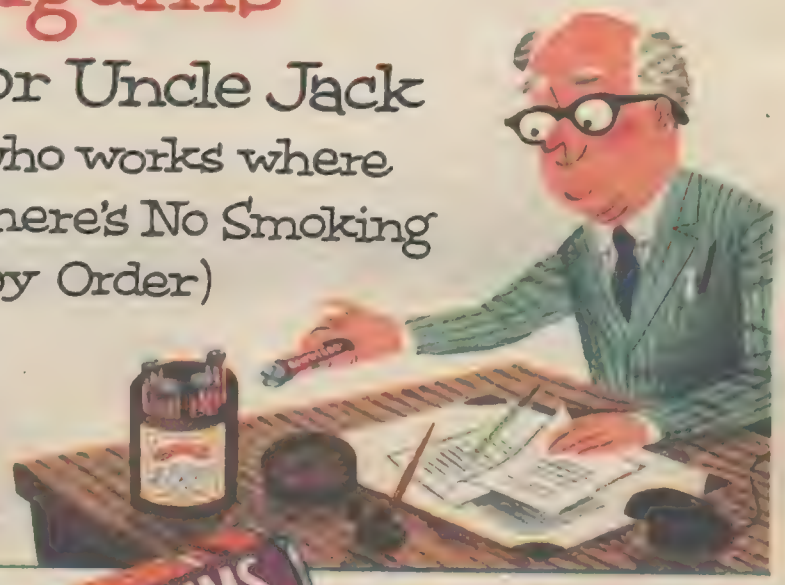
for Jenny

(who wants something refreshing while jiving)

cigums

for Uncle Jack

(who works where there's No Smoking by Order)



...in fact for everygum

3D A TUBE

When you want the taste of fruit – have a **Rowntree's!**

chance I might get tickets for next week. Let's make a date for then."

"We'll talk about it when you get home," she said. "I must hurry. 'Bye."

Peter put the receiver down slowly.

At about two o'clock, Stanley Parker phoned in. "Nothing much on the zoo story," he reported. "No trace of the keeper. No line on why the place burned down."

A theory was shaping now in Peter's mind. "How bad was the damage?" he asked.

"Pretty bad. Several exhibits are smashed beyond repair."

"Got a list of them? The ones that are wrecked?"

"It's all in my notes."

Peter thought for a few seconds. Then he said: "I remember they used to have an ant city there. In a glass case."

"Where you could watch the ants crawling along their tunnels with food and such? Yes, there was one of those."

"Was it smashed?" Peter asked.

OVER the phone, he heard the sound of pages being flipped. Finally Parker said: "The ant city is one of the exhibits smashed beyond repair."

Peter's grip tightened on the receiver. "Find out everything you can, Stan," he said. "I think this is something tremendous."

He hung up. He was sweating.

An ant city, he thought. *The keeper may have been curious about the sensation he got when he came into the city. He may have started thinking about it, as I've done. And one day, maybe, idly gazing at the ant city, he may suddenly have had an inkling of what was happening.*

He may have experimented a little, to test his theory. And then—they decided he'd gone far enough.

If this was so—if the keeper's disappearance was Their doing—then it meant that the keeper had been on the right track. *And if I'm right,* Peter thought, *if I'm right in guessing what track he was on, I may meet him soon. Because I'm on the same track myself.* Peter was badly scared, but he was also full of hot anger. He threw on his jacket and strode to the lift. Outside he hailed a taxi and asked to be let out in the middle of Waterloo Bridge.

He walked past the same lamp standard as before. Then he said: "I want to talk to you."

Nothing happened. The traffic roared by him in a steady stream.

He said: "If you don't let me talk to you, I'll wreck your whole project."

That did it. Once again he was standing on the desert of white crystals, with the immense white wall behind him.

"Peter Kenney," the French-horn

voice said, "you are behaving most foolishly."

"Perhaps I am," said Peter. "But you've behaved foolishly too. I know the truth now, or at least the general outline of it. And even if you take me away or kill me, as you did with the zoo keeper, it won't be long before other people work out the answer too. Your project won't work. It can't."

There was a long silence. Then the voice said: "Please tell us what you understand to be the truth."

"Very well," he said. "Here's what I think: I think that London, my city, is no longer on earth. I think that you have rooted it up bodily and transported it to some other planet. I think that my city is now an exhibit in some kind of zoo."

"Go on," said the voice.

"Obviously," said Peter, "your technology is so far beyond ours that your abilities are impossible for me to imagine. I do not know how you dug up my city, or how you moved it, or where. I do not even know who you are, or what you look like, though I assume you to be friendly. I can only guess that your act in re-siting my city was no more difficult to you than ours was in digging up an anthill and putting it on display. Am I right so far?"

"I will not help you to do your reasoning. At the same time, I will not hinder you. Please go on."

"All right," said Peter. "When we re-site an anthill so that we can put it on display, our purpose, of course, is to watch the ants going about their normal daily activities. Thus, we take great care not to disturb them.

"Your purpose was the same. By some means that I can't pretend to understand, you arranged things so that, on leaving the city, we would fall into some kind of trance. In this trance, we would believe ourselves to be continuing the ride out to the suburbs. We would believe ourselves to be kissing our wives, sitting down to dinner, going to bed, waking up in the morning."

Peter paused to think for a few seconds. Then he went on: "What you did with us, physically, during this trance period, I can't say. Possibly you shunted our cars and trains into some kind of compound, to wait there until you wanted it to be morning again. Then you turned us around to face the city, started us off and brought us out of our trance. It was this shift from trance to waking that caused the sensation I felt coming into the city."

Peter paused once more. The voice said: "Please continue."

Peter did. "That's about all I have to say. As I told you, I see only the general outline of your project. It's impossible for me to talk about the details; they're entirely beyond my technical knowledge. For instance, I don't know how you simulated my wife's voice on the telephone when I asked her to meet me in the city. Of course, she couldn't meet me; she's millions of miles away. There's a lot like this that I don't understand. But I do see the broad outline."

The voice spoke: "Yes, Peter Kenney, you do see the broad outline. The fact that you see it, and the necessary assumption that others will also see it before long, leads us now to believe that we have tackled something which we cannot manage."

Peter felt a growing hope. He searched the wall and the desert with his eyes, trying to see where the voice was coming from. But nothing moved anywhere in the alien landscape.

At last Peter spoke. "Are you going to take us back to earth?"

"Yes. We will replace your city in its true site in a few hours, and you will then be able to join your wife. Since you and others have guessed the truth, and since everybody in the city will presumably know it before long, the city ceases to be a typical earth habitation and is therefore no longer valuable to us as an exhibit. Therefore, we will replace you on earth. . . . Now, have you any questions to ask me?"

"Yes," said Peter. "What happened to the zoo keeper?"

"Ah, yes. We were forced to destroy his ant city; it was too obvious a clue. The keeper was transported back to his suburban home on earth.

"Have you further questions?"

"One more. Who are you?"

"We are from a galaxy that your telescopes have not yet seen."

"Will you show yourself to me?"

"You still thirst for knowledge. No, I cannot show myself. I would be repugnant to you. For one thing, I am vastly larger than you. On your earth scales I would weigh perhaps a million tons.

"And now I bid you goodbye, Peter Kenney. You have my admiration."

And Peter was standing, once more, on the bridge. He strolled back towards his office. He slid out of the trance as he passed the lamp standard, feeling again the odd sense of dislocation. The alien-made sun had set, leaving a dull red glow in the alien-made sky. A large, ghostly moon hung low over the city. A beautiful job of reproduction, Peter thought, looking at it all. Just beautiful. As he looked at the moon, it winked. THE END

HYPOCRISY—3

It is an enormous and unquestionably helpful part that humbug plays in the social life of great peoples.

Sir Winston Churchill

Treason rock

Continued from page 18

remains of a fire in a gully. The fire was not built the way our people would make a fire. There were also the remains of two foreign cigarettes. It had been in my mind that, because of the prisoners at the fort, there could be strangers on the island."

"You are my brother, Torlo. For the prisoners I care nothing. For these men, if they killed him, I have only one wish."

"Assuredly. Now come here. The rest is with me."

He stood up and she rose obediently and they went back along the path. . . .

* * *

Aboard the Dunoon, anchored just off Mora, Andrews, the sick bay attendant, and Petty Officer Grogan were in the sick berth with the door locked and a flask of island wine between them. Andrews had brought it back when he went ashore that afternoon. They were both very mellow and at this moment very silent. Andrews sprawled on the examination couch and Grogan sat on a chair, his elbows on his knees and a cigarette burning idly between his nicotine-stained fingers.

Andrews drained his glass and reached out to the stool between them for the flask. "You want to know something?" he asked.

"What?"

"No. I'd better not tell you. I don't trust you. You know, if you drank enough of this stuff, it would be better than an anaesthetic. I'll bet you could cut my leg off right now and I wouldn't feel it."

"Forget that and tell me the thing you won't trust me with."

"You know that girl I got in Port Carlos? Well, she's got a sister who works at Government House. She looks after Mrs. Burrows."

"The Old Man's wife?"

"That's right. You'd never have guessed there was trouble there, would you?"

Grogan stirred uneasily. The Old Man was the Old Man and, much as he liked Andrews, Grogan wasn't taking any loose talk about him.

"Careful, Andy," he said. It was an old warning, always given on the rare occasions when they fought.

"All right, I'll shut my mouth. I've been with the Old Man almost as long as you. They don't come any better."

They were silent for a while and Grogan thought of his wife in Portsmouth. Thank God he didn't have that kind of trouble. And then he thought of the times when he and Andrews had drunk and fought in Naples, Durban and a score of places; and then he thought of the Old Man and his wife and he said:

"Grayson, is it?"

"Yes. Think the Old Man knows?"

"How the hell should I know? But get this into your head"—because of his affection and regard for his captain he was shocked into anger—"you breathe one word of this to anybody else and——"

"What do you think I am? It's taken me two days to make up my mind to tell *you*. I don't trust my girl's sister, though. She don't like Grayson, or Mrs. Burrows. She's all for the Old Man. She might tip him off—anonymous letter or something. I've promised to brain them both if they do. . . ." He took a drink and sighed wearily. "You wouldn't think it to look at her, would you?"

"Shut up," said Grogan fiercely. . . .

RICHMOND was wanted on the telephone. It was Grayson in Port Carlos. The governor, Sir George Hator, was to visit Mora. He wanted to stay at the fort. The second thing was an intelligence report from the Colonial Office. It stated that in Cyrenia in the last week a very definite rumour was alive in the towns and villages that Hadid Chebir was returning, that the National Army—regrouped and in greater strength—was waiting for the return, that this time nothing could stop them.

Just bazaar talk, Sir George thought. But he wanted Richmond to know.

After Grayson's telephone call, Richmond called in Sergeant Benson and told him about the governor's visit. To treat the Cyrenian rumour of Hadid Chebir's return as bazaar talk did not entirely satisfy Richmond.

He told Benson that he had decided to increase the guard. He split them into two guards of five men each, and each guard was to do a twenty-four hour duty.

"At night one man on the tower guard, one on the gate and to patrol the courtyard, three sleeping fully dressed in the gate-room. They'll grumble, but it's got to be done."

"Are you expecting trouble, sir?"

"Not in the way you mean it, Sergeant. But that's what we're here for. To expect trouble. . . ."

* * *

The daylight was going fast. Standing just inside the door of Colonel Mawzi's room, the servant Abou could see the great wedged and jagged shadows on the steep scar face of the hill outside.

Colonel Mawzi stood with his back

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Mum, you're wonderful!

Tender cut of pork . . . juicy and succulent. Crisp, golden-brown crackling. The savoury richness of sage and onion stuffing, young, fresh-green sprouts, and potatoes roasted to a turn . . . then—something Mum never forgets—the rich, appetising goodness of deep-brown BISTO gravy, steaming hot. Mother—take a bow! You and BISTO are wonder workers!

ah! BISTO

the crowning touch

close to the wall by the window, one hand on his chin, his face lowered in thought. Hadid Chebir sat on the bed.

Abou kept a hand between the door and the frame, holding it open an inch or two so that he might hear if anybody began to come up the steps.

Colonel Mawzi looked up suddenly and smiled at Abou. "You are certain of these details, Abou?"

"Nothing is more certain, my Colonel. The governor comes tomorrow morning. He stays one night, maybe two. This morning I have helped two of the soldiers to carry things to the rooms which are for the governor and his A.D.C. I have been right through that part of the fort."

"It must be tomorrow night, then?" said Hadid.

"That is agreed," said Mawzi. "If he only stays one night for certain, it must be that night. All the spare men sleep in one dormitory on this side of the courtyard. The sergeant sleeps by himself. Then there is the guard at the gate, and the guard outside the tower here. Mietus will have to move quickly. What about the lorry, Abou? There were men working on it today."

"It is a routine maintenance they do. The lorry is good."

Hadid stood up. He was restless and impatient. "It is the destroyer that worries me."

"Once we have the fort, the destroyer will do nothing."

Hadid opened his mouth to say more, but Abou put up his hand, his head cocked towards the crack of the open door. Suddenly his thin, old body relaxed and he drew the door open.

MARION came up the last two stone steps and paused on the threshold. Abou stood aside and she came into the room.

Marion looked from Mawzi to Hadid. She had no need to ask what they had been discussing.

Her glance came back to Mawzi. She said: "It is tomorrow night for certain?"

"For certain. Just before dawn."

She was silent for a while. Now that she had said she would leave them once she was free, she knew she could expect no confidence. Then she said: "There will be violence. I know this is inevitable. And some will die."

"Some will die," Mawzi echoed.

"It is known which?"

Mawzi shook his head. "How can it be known?"

"And the governor?"

"He comes to Cyrenia with us. But the British will not want him to die. Should we either, since he will be a weapon in our hands? No, he will live and one day write his autobiography."

"And Major Richmond?" asked Marion, and she held herself tightly, forcing herself to put casualness into her words. Sitting in her room below, she had been thinking of him, not understanding why her concern in this affair should seem to centre around him, but knowing that it did.

"Who cares who dies?" said Hadid. "What is this kind of talk?"

"There is more importance in this escape and return than in anything else that has ever been done for Cyrenia," said Mawzi steadily. "It is right to consider everything. Major Richmond"—Mawzi moved a step closer to Marion and ran one hand slowly over his tight, black hair—"will come with us as far as the beach at Ardito. While we are on the island he will be as much a hostage as the governor. . . ." He paused with a deliberate cruelty, for he had not been deceived by Marion. "But on the Ardito beach," he went on, seeing the thinning of her lips as she waited to know, "we shall leave him."

He smiled again, brilliantly, turning away towards the window with a rapid movement. "But let nobody think that one day he will write his autobiography, too. He is not the kind." And with his back to them all, he said to himself that, since Marion was now so much more awake, he would try her for himself. If she refused him, Major Richmond died on the beach before he left.

Hadid said: "That beach will have a place in history. My people, who will never see these places, shall have their names in their mouths as familiar as the names of their own villages. The beach at Ardito. Fort Sebastian. The destroyer Dunoon. . . . Ha, yes, the destroyer Dunoon." And, with the mention of that name, the sudden vitality in his voice flickered. Hadid was thinking to himself, *What if the commander of the Dunoon should be a fool and impetuous and fire?* The long, high whine of shells. . . . He bit his underlip fiercely.

"Forget the destroyer," said Mawzi. "It will not fire when we have hostages. Think only of Cyrenia and the hills brown with the movement of our people as they rise." But he said it without passion, cynically; and he saw Abou's stone-grey eyes on him and he knew that Abou understood that Hadid would never see Cyrenia, that Cyrenia was to have another martyr.

* * *

Teddy Burrows walked through the garden at Government House to the point where it narrowed above the headland that overlooked Port Carlos, the capital of San Borodon. Against the darkness he could see the lights of the town, and those of his ship, the Dunoon.

Hands in his pockets, he stared down at the bay. Distantly, from the house behind him, he could hear music. Above the music suddenly he caught the sound of Daphne's laugh. . . . He shut his eyes, his face tightening.

The last three hours had been terrible for him. Before dinner he had come up to the house from the Dunoon in time for drinks and, being early, had gone into Grayson's office to collect his mail. In a cheap envelope, unstamped, addressed in pencil, the letter had awaited him halfway down the pile of London mail. The phrases, in a mixture of Spanish and bad English, stuck in his mind now.

With a movement of swift revulsion he turned away from the sea and lighted a cigarette. God, the thing was a filthiness in the mind. Only a fool would take any notice of an anonymous letter.

It must have been written by some servant who'd been sacked, or somebody Daphne had offended. . . .

Grayson of all people! The swine wouldn't dare, even if Daphne were willing. Too damned careful about his career . . . no scandal.

He threw his cigarette away suddenly, and stood up. *For heaven's sake, Teddy—pull yourself together. If you really believe it, go and tackle Grayson. Get it over. But if you don't believe it—forget it. It's just a dirty, filthy letter with no truth in it.*

He walked slowly back to the house. He didn't believe it. He wouldn't believe it. . . .

FROM the afternoon of the previous day, Torlo had been up on La Caldera. Until sunset he had watched the crater below him.

To the north-west of the crater there was a small pool, the glitter of its water almost obscured by the growth of rushes that spread over it. He had watched the pool with more interest than any other part of the crater. Men needed water and this was the only water on La Caldera. Nobody had gone to the pool during daylight.

When darkness came, he ate some of his bread and drank half of his bottle of wine. He left his hiding place an hour before the moon was due to rise and went northwards along the crater rim until he was above the pool.

For two hours he waited on a ledge thirty feet above the pool, and finally his patience was rewarded. On the far side of the pool there was the sound of movement, intensified once by the wet, sucking drag of mud as a foot was lifted. The dark mirror surface of the pool was broken and, against the moonlight, Torlo saw the bulky shape of a man rise and turn away.

Torlo followed him, guided mostly by the sound of the water slopping about in a half-filled can. After fifty yards Torlo stopped and turned back to the pool.

He knew where the path led which the man was following. A hundred yards farther on against the foot of the crater wall was a small cave, the front barricaded with a bamboo palisade. It was a disused shelter for beasts and men.

Torlo went back to the pool. When dawn came, he was lying hidden four hundred feet above the cave and not five yards from the track which men would take if they wanted to leave the cave and travel north to Mora.

Now, as the last of the daylight went, he was still in his hiding place. All day he had watched the patch of ground before the cave, but nobody had moved across it. He was not surprised. If they wanted to keep their presence a secret, they would move only by night.

Although Torlo was an impetuous young man, he had great patience. It was no hardship to him to wait. There could not be many men in the cave, and it was settled in his mind that he would kill them, and he knew how he would do it.

But first he had to return to Ardito. If they were to be killed, he had to have the means to do it. Also, Arianna should be present. It was for her that he killed. She should see it done. This he knew she would wish.

Meanwhile, he would wait, and watch, and follow these men if they left their hiding place. . . .

It was still night when Torlo reached his home. He pushed open the door and went into the darkness of the main room and then quietly up the stairs to his sister's room.

"Torlo." Her voice had the relief of somebody who has been awake a long time.

"I have come," he said, keeping his voice low, "from the cliffs by the fort. The men have been there. Four of them. It is there that thy soldier must have met them and they killed him to keep the secret of their being here. Everything is clear to me. They signal the fort."

"Is it to be tonight?"

"While it is still dark, before dawn. Thou wouldst be there?"

"Who else has the right? I wish to see them die and to spit on them. How is it to be done? With thy gun?"

"No," Torlo said thoughtfully. "This I have gone over in my mind. With a gun nothing would be certain

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Aidan Crawley

JUST before the war I went to the Middle East to make an educational film. My aim was to follow the wanderings of the Rualla, a nomadic tribe whose journeyings in search of fresh pastures took them through Syria, Iraq and Arabia.

I met groups of these nomadic Arabs along the camel tracks and spent a few days with each of them before moving on. When I had been with some Rualla for a day or two, the sheikh told me that he had arranged a feast in my honour to which neighbouring notables had been invited.

The meal was served in a large tent where the whole company sat cross-legged on the carpeted ground, leaning on cushions. In a space in the centre were two large platters, and the idea was that we each helped ourselves in turn from these—eating, of course, with our fingers.

The dish was called *tadjin ahmar* and, as far as I could discern, was a mutton dish with prunes, flavoured with cinnamon and saffron. Anyway, it was unusual and very good. In fact, I was enjoying myself enormously until the sheikh called for silence. From one of the dishes he pulled a terrible looking object—a sheep's eye.

He turned to me, as guest of honour, and ceremonially offered it. To the Rualla, the sheep's eye is a great delicacy, and I could not refuse. Closing my eyes, I popped it into my mouth and swallowed quickly. I hardly noticed it.

My relief was short-lived for my host searched the meat dish again and pulled out an even worse looking object—the sheep's ear. Now, a sheep's eye can be swallowed without much difficulty, but a sheep's ear is pure gristle and, to Western palates, inedible.

I thought that there might be some special significance attached to eating the ear and that the sheikh might be offended if I refused, so I was desperately wondering what to do when fate intervened. There was a sudden creaking and groaning and the tent collapsed on top of us.

Amid utter confusion, we tried to crawl out. Animals and laughing Arabs were running all over the place and it took a long time to put the tent up again. Only one thing was missing when order was restored and that was the sheep's ear.

The sheikh was upset that I should be deprived of this treat, and luckily there were no other ears available. The banquet ended peacefully with thick black Turkish coffee.

How to make tadjin ahmar

Ingredients: 2 lb. shoulder and breast of mutton, one finely chopped onion, pinch of saffron, small stick cinnamon, flour, a handful of prunes, seasoning.

Cut the mutton into small pieces, and brown in saucepan in fat or butter. Add the finely chopped onion and, when this is slightly brown, add a sprinkling of flour. Stir well. Add sufficient hot water to cover the meat, bring to boil, season with salt, add the saffron and cinnamon, cover and simmer for two hours.

Add the prunes (these should previously have been soaked in water for a few hours and the stones removed) and simmer for about an hour longer. Serve hot.

against four men. But I have thought of something which pleases me." In the darkness he chuckled a little.

"How is it to be done?" Arianna asked again.

"With the hand grenades."

"Ah, yes," sighed Arianna. "It is right that it should be thus."

"More than right," said Torlo. "For it was thy soldier who brought them to us for the fishing. There are four left, but two will be enough. Before dawn we shall go up there. Thou shalt go alone around the rim and come down by the pool. I will go direct to the cave. When I am ready to throw the grenades, I shall whistle. . . ."

MARION came out of her sleep slowly, feeling a hand on her arm. She lay there very still, and slowly her mind made shape and sense of the darkness. She was on Mora, in Fort Sebastian, and this bed was against the stone wall of the room, the head towards the window.

The grip on her arm tightened a little and then the hand left her and a voice said: "You are awake?"

She said: "Yes," recognizing the voice as Colonel Mawzi's. She heard his body move and the creak of her bedside chair on which he was sitting.

He said: "A little while ago I finished talking to Mietus. Everything is arranged. Tomorrow, sometime, Sifal will radio instructions for the flying boat. You are pleased?"

"Yes," she said, "I am pleased." But she knew, too, that she was frightened. Although Mawzi kept his voice low, she could hear the excitement in it, like a fine tremble that beat at the darkness between them, and his hand had come back to rest lightly on her bare arm. "You have told Hadid?"

She heard him breathe contemptuously at the name. "Let us forget Hadid."

His hand now had gone under the strap of her nightdress and was on her shoulder, held very still and the warmth of it against her skin was like a soreness.

There was a way, she thought, to handle each man, even Mawzi, but her mind was too tired to discover it. "There is a greatness for you and Cyrenia," she said, "and I can see that for you this is no time for sleep. If you wish to talk, talk. But that is all."

"With the lips," he said calmly, "there is no need to talk. We have come through much together. We have shared hope and danger and sorrow and small triumphs. So much we have shared that there is little more. . . ."

His hand began to move on her shoulder and she put up her own hand and held his wrist firmly. "Go, Mawzi," she said and the darkness and his near presence was stifling in the hot room.

"I cannot," he said, and his other hand moved to rest on her far shoulder and she knew that in the darkness above her face was his face.

"Go," she cried angrily.

"I cannot," he said. She felt his wrist shake under her fingers and she knew his face was closer because his breath touched her forehead.

Then, as his lips came down to hers, she twisted from him, off the bed, shouting.

The shout was half-stifled as he found her and his hand came round her mouth and his free arm circled her waist, lifting her. They swayed together and fell, striking the table so that it grated across the floor. Her mouth was suddenly free and she shouted again. She fought and struggled against the grip of his arms. She heard him laughing deep within himself and knew that he was full of pleasure in this fight.

Suddenly she collapsed, exhausted by the struggle, and the sudden deadweight of her body took him by surprise and she slipped to the floor. She lay there in a black tiredness and she could hear him standing above her, breathing hard in the darkness and she knew that in a moment, when his breath eased, he would bend down to her. Her whole body shook with a great spasm of revulsion as she waited for the moment.

"Don't forget to post the Christmas cards"

But the moment never came. The black nightmare blazed with a blinding whiteness. She looked up and saw Mawzi standing above her and then, beyond him, the open door of the room and Major Richmond on the threshold, his hand still on the light switch.

Mawzi turned. His shoulders stiffened and his body hunched forward and he moved towards Richmond. "Get out!" he cried. "Get out!"

As though the whole stifling nightmare needed only this blaze of light to signal its climax of violence, Marion saw Richmond's eyes marking her beyond Mawzi and the angry jerk of his cheek muscles. He stepped forward quickly. She saw his hand swing up and down and there was a curious wonder in her that the fingers were held straight and stiff, not bunched to a fist. The hard edge of his right hand struck Mawzi against the side of the neck. Mawzi gasped and toppled and then the major's left fist came up in a quick arc and struck Mawzi on the chin as he fell. . . .

HYPOCRISY—4

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites.

C. C. Coltan

Richmond moved aside a little and stood over Mawzi. Sergeant Benson had come to the open doorway behind him, and beyond Benson he saw Abou.

"All right, Sergeant," he said. "Take him up to his room. Abou will give you a hand."

They shuffled crabwise up the stone steps and Richmond went back into the room, closing the door behind him.

Marion was still on the floor, half sitting, her legs bent underneath her.

The way she sat there raised a swift compassion in him, a tenderness towards her and an anger towards Mawzi that made him in that moment more vividly aware of her than he had ever been before. As he moved towards her, seeing the thrust of her sun-browned leg against the grey stone floor, the torn silk of her nightdress, and the distress in her face, he burned with anger against Mawzi.

She looked up at him and one hand dropped to the bareness of her neck and he could see that she was trying to smile at him.

He bent towards her and slipped a hand under her arm. "Come up," he said gently, and he half took the weight of her body and stretched out his other hand to take her by the waist.

She stood up and breathed deeply and she said: "Thank you." He held her for a moment, steadying her. Then he turned and saw her dressing-gown on the floor at the foot of the disordered bed. He picked it up and came back to her and, standing by her side, draped it over her shoulders.

As she moved into it, she moved closer to him, so that, with all the naturalness in the world, his arm was round her shoulders and she was against him and had dropped her head against his breast.

"It's all right," he said. His arms tightened around her to contain the trembling of her body, and he bent his head and let his lips touch the line of her forehead just below her hair. Very slowly she looked up at him and smiled, and he knew that she was back and free of the horror and he bent and kissed her briefly on the lips.

"Go back to bed," he said, and moved away from her, one hand only on her arm as he led her to the bed.

She obeyed him, climbing into bed while he righted the chair and picked up the bedside table. Stretching into bed, she was aware of a happiness in her which was so strange that she felt she should want more time than the world held to examine and enjoy it. He bent over her, pulling the edges of the bedclothes up and tucking them around her.

This time, very simply, she pulled her arms from the covers and put them behind his head, drawing his face down to hers and they kissed with a full and ardent admission of everything that was between them and yet not ready for words.

At last Richmond drew away from her, standing up but leaving his hand in hers so that, from looking up at him, she turned her head slightly and kissed his palm before it left her. He smiled at her and she smiled back, and then he turned away from her and went to the door. With his hand on the switch he looked at her inquiringly and she nodded, asking for darkness. He switched the light off and went out.

He went to the main parapet door and tapped on it. Outside he heard Sergeant Benson stir and then the grate of the key in the lock. Richmond stepped outside, but he motioned Benson not to shut the door.

"You took him up?" he asked.

"He's pretty sick . . . real sick, I mean, sir. Vomiting. You half-killed him, sir." There was admiration in Benson's voice.

"I should have killed him," said Richmond.

"When I heard the rumpus, I couldn't think what was going on. . . . It was a good job I fetched you quickly, sir. Is the lady all right?"

"She's all right," Richmond said.

Sergeant Benson said: "The other one must be a sound sleeper. Not a peep out of him. He's an odd bird. . . ."

"I'll go up and have a look at Mawzi before I turn in."

He turned and went back into the tower and up the stone steps. There was a light showing under Colonel Mawzi's door and he opened it without knocking and went in.

Mawzi was sitting on his bed, drinking a cup of coffee which Abou had made him. Abou was by the window.

Richmond said bitingly: "Colonel Mawzi, I am addressing you as the commanding officer of Fort Sebastian. Stand up when I speak to you."

Mawzi hesitated for a moment and then came slowly to his feet. The hatred in his face blazed suddenly.

"I am warning you," Richmond went on steadily, "that in view of your behaviour tonight, if you cause any more trouble, I shall lock you in your room in solitary confinement for a week. Is that understood?"

Mawzi's nostrils narrowed and his mouth became a paper-thin line. "You make yourself very clear, Major."

"Good. That is all."

RICHMOND turned and left the room. He went across the dark landing and down the three steps to the level of Hadid Chebir's room. There was no light from under the door. How could the man, he thought, have slept through all this? It seemed unnatural.

His mind went back to Oxford. It was odd, but since he had been here, so close to the man, he had not thought much of their days together there. In those days a quicksilver pride and a sharp, thoroughbred intelligence had been the marks of Hadid Chebir. He saw little sign of them now.

On an impulse he put his hand to the man's door and went in. Inside, he flicked on the light.

Hadid lay stretched out on top of the covers, almost naked, a long length of pale brown body. His mouth was open, with just the rounded edge of his tongue showing. The open mouth, stupid and lax, destroyed all the fineness of the face, turning intelligence to a dull idiocy. The body, too, was relaxed and heavy.

Richmond put his hand to the man's face and raised one of his eyelids. The pupil was small. He straightened up, knowing now something that he had always suspected. The man was drugged.

Looking down at Hadid, he felt sorry for him now, not angry. Years ago at Oxford Hadid had been a young man, straight and fine-muscled, alive with grace and vigour. With Richmond was his most pertinent memory of Hadid under the showers after a rugby game, water gleaming over his brown skin, the even colour marred only by the stain of a large birthmark.

Looking down at the man now, stretched long and dark against the pale covers. Richmond saw that the stomach flesh was smooth and brown, unmarked.

He stared down at the man, shock slowly mounting in him. He leaned forward, unbelieving, suspecting some trick of the bad light, or of his own eyes and memory. But there was no mistake. This man carried no mark.

This man was not Hadid Chebir. Everything else, face, hair and figure, even the texture of the skin was Hadid Chebir. But the man who lay drugged on this bed was not Hadid Chebir.

To be continued next week

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WEALTH for SIX LETTERS!

HERE'S Mr. A. McNeal (Crabtree Corner, Crabtree Road, Camberley) with the golden Wednesday wire which recently told him he'd won a Bullets First Prize. His winner was: BRITAIN'S WEALTH—IN LAD IN LAB. That neat use of only *six* different letters netted this Surrey schoolmaster a £500 fortune!

Wealth can be *yours* for such fun with words in this Contest of 3,120 prize opportunities. You have until Monday, December 30 to post your coupon below. Use Christmas leisure to score a £500 New Year fortune *plus* "Week of Surprises" with a well-aimed Bullet!

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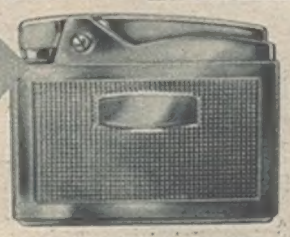

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Skyscraper Prices
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The Eternal Eve
Flower In The Desert
We Earthlings
Hanging By A Thread

Atomic Dust
Put The Pressure On
A Lot Of Numbskulls
Not A Magician
Getting Closer
Up Went The Rent And
Dad's Pigeon
Pepped Up The Party
Almost Apologetically
Shock For The Passengers

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

If He's A Good..... Believes In Being.....
In Our Little..... .....By The Gallon
Surprised..... With A.....In It

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

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(Each winner from £25 to £5 receives also a Christmas Turkey.)

For ten winners of £2 10s. plus Christmas Turkey, see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes and 1,500 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated January 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, Jan. 11, for early news of No. 2,121 result.)

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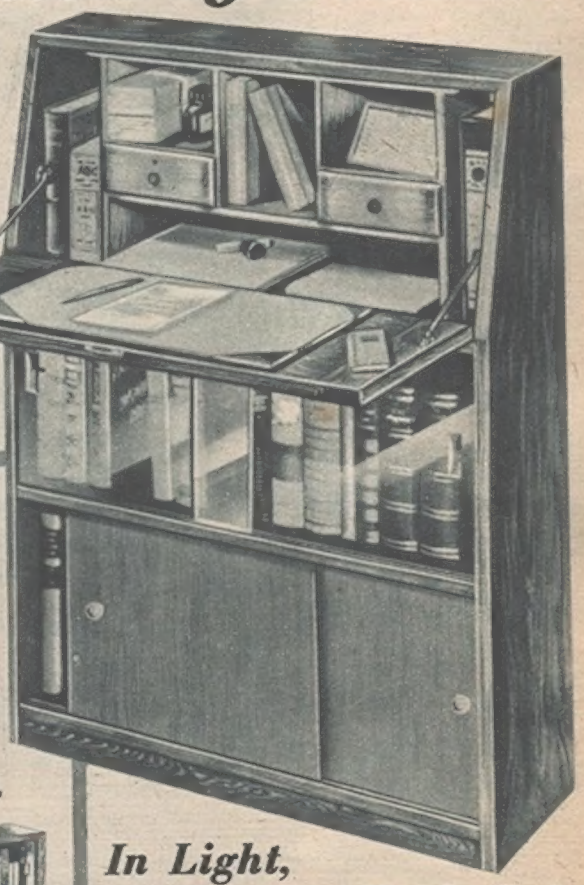

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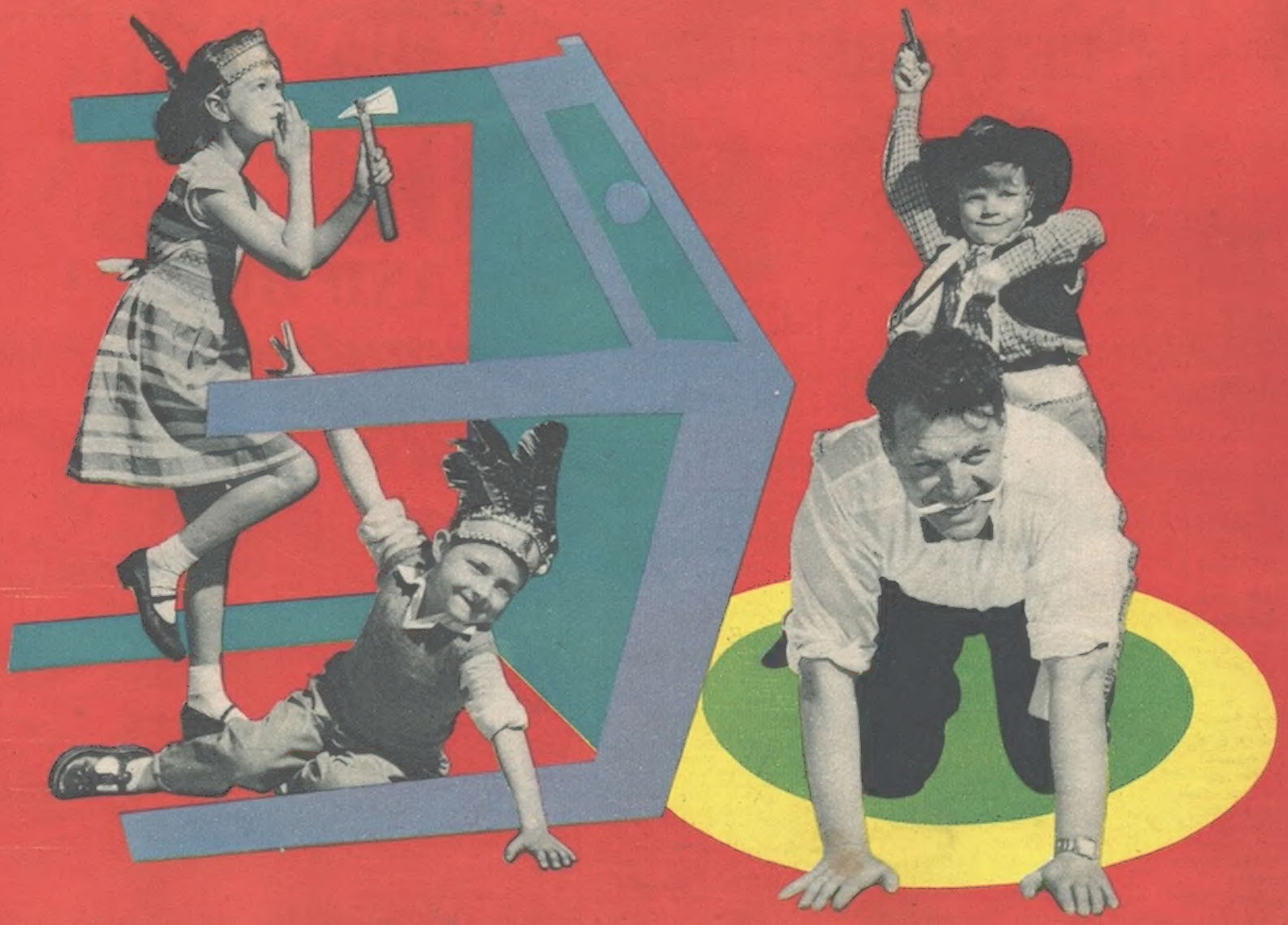
what we like about the Wild West



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